

INSIDE: The Liberals' painful self-examination

Maclean's

NOVEMBER 28, 1983

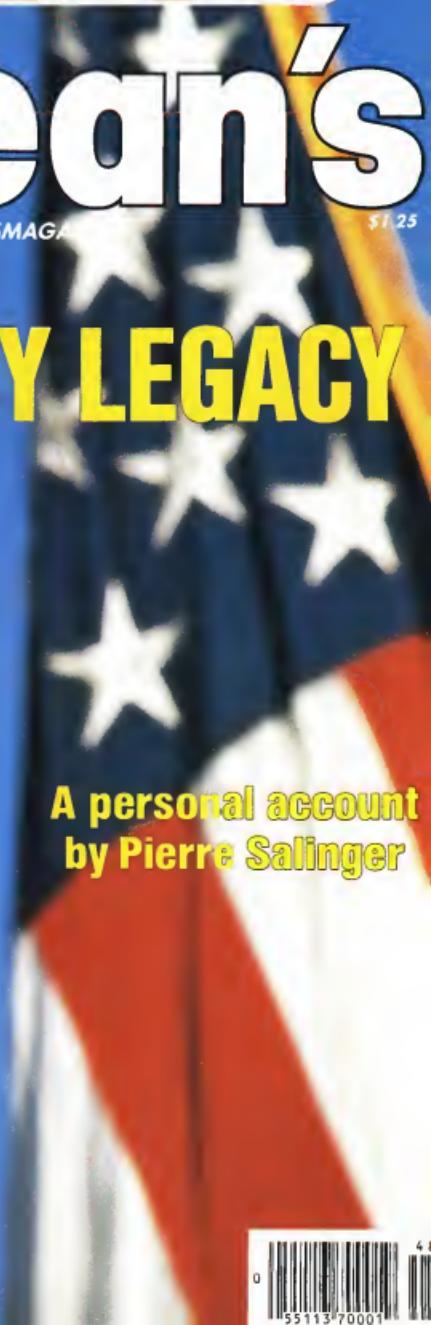
CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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THE KENNEDY LEGACY



A personal account
by Pierre Salinger



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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
Maclean's

NOVEMBER 28, 1983 VOL. 10 NO. 46

COVER

Kennedy then and now

Pierre Salinger was a close friend and aide to both John and Robert Kennedy. Twenty years after the President's assassination, and 16 years after Robert's, Salinger recalls the passing of L.F.K. at the height of his powers. He also provides rare, firsthand revelations about R.F.K. and a poignant account of Jackie's courage in her darkest days — **Page 48**

COURTESY PHOTO BY AP/WIDEWORLD/BLACK & WHITE



The nuclear deadline

The first cruise missiles arrived in Europe last week, but forecasts of an early Soviet withdrawal from the Geneva nuclear disarmament talks proved premature — **Page 48**



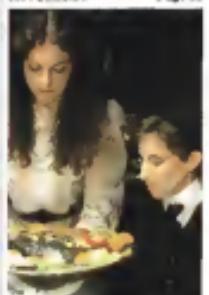
Wartime in toyland

For the first time since the mid-1970s, old Joe and other retrofitted toys will likely find a place under the Christmas tree. Some experts are concerned — **Page 58**



Lévesque's failed promises

René Lévesque's long-promised language and economic initiatives failed to satisfy anglophones or labor and business leaders despite the rq fanfare — **Page 48**



A scholar and a gentleman

It took Barbra Streisand 15 years to bring *Reefer* to the screen. The result is a particularly wise movie that entertains as much as it enlightens — **Page 69**

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LETTERS

Apology

In a Nov. 21 article, "The 'Movie' Killers," Maclean's should have included the facts that Vancouver neurosurgeon Patrick Murray recommended to Stephen Dawson's parents that the boy should have a life-saving operation and that he offered to perform the operation himself. The magazine did not intend to imply in any way that Dr. Murray encouraged the Dawson's to reach any other conclusion. Indeed, Dr. Murray did not participate at all in the Dawson's decision to withhold an operation. Maclean's regrets any embarrassment the story has caused Dr. Murray and his family.

The divine plan

Prime Minister Trudeau's idea of Canada taking the lead to prevent a collision of the superpowers is a good one. However, it needs half a century, without strength, pluck or ingenuity. The Prime Minister of Canada traveling around the world convincing himself to be a new Messiah is just silly. What is needed to make this idea succeed is for Canada to persuade the European Community countries, India and all the Commonwealth, Mexico, Brazil, Japan and China to join together in a new organization dedicated to peace and trade.

—TEMPLE BUTLER
Stephenville Crossing, Nfld.

In reference to Allan Fotheringham's Nov. 7 column, "Peace missions and pooh. I would like to thank him for opening



Trudeau: a self-appointed peacekeeper

the eyes of all Canadians regarding that issue. Who appointed Trudeau global peacekeeper anyway? Are all of us supposed to stay back and say: "What a worthy thing for Trudeau to do! I think I'll vote for him next time after all?"

—JONATHAN KEEPTON
London, Ont.

Who really has power in B.C.?

In your Nov. 14 issue you show a photograph with the caption "Striking B.C. civil servants" (*Strikers on the West Coast, Canada*). What was, in fact, shown was a group of buyers at a nearby liquor store in the province that remained open at the time—the Park & Tilford Distillery. The photo is proof, perhaps, that labor relations in British Columbia would drive the soberest soberous to drink.

—WILLIAM J. FORGE
West Vancouver

I am getting quite tired of listening to the B.C. government union workers whining about their precious job security as though they were the only people facing layoffs and uncertainty. PWA, UTAs and various woodworkers' peoples are all experiencing proportionate layoffs. These are hard times for everyone.

—SUSAN EBBETTE
Norman Wells, N.W.T.

It has been said, especially in British Columbia, that the government has too much power. As far as I am concerned, the only group of people with too much power in the unions. Any organization that can tell me I cannot work unless I become a part of them is too big. Any group that can take a day's pay away from my family to support something I oppose has too much power. These things are happening in British Columbia right now.

—E.L. REEDSON
Delta, B.C.

PASSAGES

Divorce: Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, 61, and his estranged wife, Margaret, 56, filing for divorce in the Supreme Court of Ontario last week, she cited long-term separation. The Trudeaus were married in March, 1971, and separated in May, 1977. The Prime Minister, who was granted custody of their three children in the separation agreement, is not expected to contest the divorce.

ELECTED: Lynn Williams, 59, an interim president of the largest union within the Auto-Parts, the United Steelworkers of America, in Pittsburgh, Pa. Williams, a former Ontario director of the auto parts industry's executive secretary since 1977, is the first Canadian to hold that position in the U.S. He succeeds Lloyd McBride, who died on Nov. 6. Williams is expected to run for the post in elections next year.

DEPP: Conservative MP Walter Baker, 53, the minister of revenue and Privy Council president during the June, 1979, to March, 1980, government of Joe Clark, of lung cancer, in Ottawa.

MURDERED: Paul Valpe, 55, an organized crime leader who lived as a semi-recluse on his heavily guarded Schönberg, Ont., estate. Valpe was shot several times in the back of the head. His body was found in the trunk of his wife's car at Toronto International Airport. He was being investigated by a special squad of members of the SCSU, the Ontario Provincial Police and the Metro Toronto Police.

MISS J. RUSSELL HARPER: In Canadian art history, in Cornwall, Ont. Harper wrote a number of seminal studies on artists, but his most influential book was *Painting in Canada: A History* (1960), which led to the first full inclusion of the study of Canadian art history in university courses. In 1969 Harper was appointed curator of Canadian art at the National Gallery of Canada. He became a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada in 1974 and an officer of the Order of Canada in 1975.

HIBB: Lidi Levinsohn, 59, the Vienna-born artist, writer and former professional skier who designed the theme park for Expo 67 in Montreal, of long career, in Toronto. Levinsohn also designed the widely praised 1972 "Inukshuk" Christmas series of Canadian postage stamps.

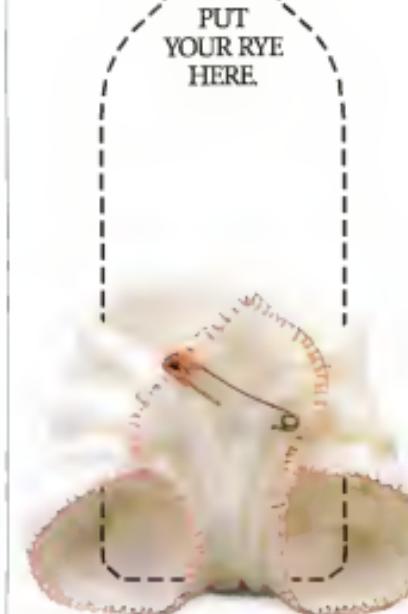
HIBB: Alvin (Junior) Sampas, 55, a regular on the television show *Hip Hip* since 1969, of a heart attack, in Canning, Ga. The 300-lb. comedian also made two comedy record albums.

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Controlling the back-bench seats

Allan Petheringham is on the right track by heading in the wrong direction. In his column "The capital of political confidence" (Oct. 24), he finds that the reason why people have lost confidence in the House of Commons (and subsequently why Brian Mulroney's poor showing in the House will not deter his ambition to be prime minister) is that the Liberals have made a mockery of the process. In fact, the Liberal government is making a mockery of our reformed institutions because of John Q. Public's apathy (or perhaps) attitude. It is only when we place more stringent controls on our elected officials that the Commons will cease to be "a house for trained back-bench seats" and once again become a forum for the debating and passing of Canadian law. —KEITH E. PELLETIER,
St. John's

For love of Canada I

I must take exception to Elizabeth Gruel's comments concerning the Canada 1 campaign ("Marketing a million-dollar rap," Letters, Oct. 21). By magnification and assumption, she does a disservice to those who worked so hard to get Canada 1 to the semifinals, as well as to the countless supporters who remain anonymous. It is an affront to the Canada 1 supporters to suggest that they "would have helped Canada in far greater numbers." How else do we know what groups those people may already be supporting? And, interestingly, many of the supporters whom Peter C. Newman mentioned are individuals, not corporations. I strongly disagree with her broad statement that the team was "glory seeking." Anyone who knows without saying knows that most of them were in the campaign for the simple love of the sport. —TED VOLMER,
Kitchener, Ont.

Rewrites of a social contract

B.C. Premier William Bennett is "re-writing the social contract" all right, but it is not at all clear that his initiatives are as benign or coherent as Peter C. Newman seems to believe ("Revising the social contract," Business Watch, Oct. 27). For example, Bennett already has all the power he needs to cut expenditures on universities. Instead, he stalled those budgets in the middle of the last fiscal year. He could not then budget again, as will. Do people really need to be reminded that the autonomy of universities is not merely some non-functional academic ornament? University autonomy is one of the chief features that distinguish democratic and enlightened societies from repressive and authoritarian regimes of both the

left and the right. If Bennett wants to reduce public expenditure on universities, fine. Let him do it and answer to the electorate in due course. However, let us also see his government demonstrate a genuine allegiance to the conservative cause, "who govern best, govern best." Establishing a later commission to implement the details of the central authority in the universities has nothing to do with saving money and ought to be seen as dangerous to a government's credibility in authoritarianism. —PATRICK GRANGER,
University Counselling Service,
The University of Calgary,
Calgary

A few years ago there was talk of a recession coming. Everyone knew it. So our premier decided to fix everything up: British Columbia and build B.C. Place, including the stadium, a rapid transit system, and, best of all, we would have Expo '86. Don't get me wrong—these things would all be great, if we could afford them. Bennett looked to the future all right—in the time when he would have as many concrete monuments to himself! But we can't have our cake and eat it too, as not with the necessities. Bennett says several hundred people are being employed for that project. But thousands may be fired from the government ranks now because we can't afford everything. That's progress? Could he not have hired the same number of people to improve what we have now—to build decent housing for people on low incomes, to improve health care, education, human rights and human resources departments? When the needs of the people who pay the taxes were met, maybe the premier would deserve a few monuments, and we could afford them. And perhaps soon the populace could afford to enjoy using them. Now, neither the province as a whole nor the public can afford either.

—KATHLEEN RYAN,
Lake Cowichan, B.C.

In defence of offence

I am writing about the many protests in conjunction with United Nations Disarmament Day, Oct. 22, against the testing of the U.S. cruise missile in Canada and the U.S.-Soviet arms race. Like anyone else, I believe in the preservation of world peace. We must wake up and realize that the Soviets cannot be trusted and that they have no intention of negotiating peace. One only has to look at their aggressive infiltration of Hungary, Afghanistan, Poland and Czechoslovakia to understand that their ultimate goal is to destroy our democracies. In my opinion, we must maintain the freedoms as many have died for in past wars. The Western hemi-

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sphere must make it perfectly clear that in the event of any Soviet invasion of the West, there will be nothing to mitigate world destruction. The best defense is a strong offense. I support the cause.

—TIMOTHY C. THIBAULT,
Sous-Sec. Mérise, Québec

Faith in Peter Herradorf

As a subscriber to Toronto Life, I found your reference to it resulting "A magazine shake-up" (C/C, Media, Oct. 30). The magazine's commitment to high-quality fiction and social commentary has been recognized by the judges of the National Magazine Awards, who last year honored it more than any magazine other than Saturday Night. If it were just a "glitzy lifestyle" magazine, I would not read it, and I'm sure no one else either. Peter Herradorf would not have chosen to work there where he left a powerful and prestigious job.

—DAVID OLIVE,
Scarborough, Ont.

The logic of reversion

It has become increasingly evident that Canada's weekly newsmagazine has adopted a rational and logical approach to journalism by reverting to the use of imperial measurement whenever necessary. Maclean's, unlike a number of its competitors, has had the foresight and integrity to speak to Canadians in a language they understand. They have courageously chosen to identify themselves with their readers rather than an ill-conceived policy unacceptable to the majority of Canadian citizens.

—WILLIAM DODGE, M.P.,
Peterborough, Ont.

The price for Pearl Harbor

Referring to the letter of Bruce Colbeck in the Oct. 3 issue (Balancing act), he seems upset at the short bombing of Japan in the Second World War. I am wondering if he is old enough to remember Dec. 7, 1941. If he is not old enough, he should look it up. After all, the Japanese brought it on themselves.

—ROBERT WOOD,
Halifax, N.S.

As the Crow changes

I hope those western children referred to in *Last Stand* for the *Crow* (Canada, Oct. 17) have been given a more accurate account of the history of the *Crow* than the one presented by MacLean's. Referring to the "secret" deal between the CPS and the Laurier government, which was the origin of the *Crow* rate, the article says, "Laurier promised CPS the money it needed to build a transcontinental line

if, in turn, it promised to carry prairie wheat from western farmers to the sea or lake ports at the same low rate—forever." Right year, wrong deal. The *Crownest Pass* Agreement of 1887 had nothing to do with construction of the CPS transcontinental line. The main line had been completed 12 years earlier in 1875 when Sir John A. Macdonald's government was in power. Under the 1887 agreement, the company undertook to construct a secondary line, extending its rail system from southern Alberta through the *Crownest Pass* site towards British Columbia. The main transcontinental line through the Rockies was already in operation. As far as the reference to "forever," there is very little about the CPS agreement that has not been changed over the years. In 1887 it was replaced by a statute, which applied the rates to both major railways. The original agreement covered grain and flour moving only to the lakeshead, but by 1887 the rate applied to wheatbelt movements as well. The statute also expanded the number of railway shipping points covered by the rates. Today the rate applies to four times the number of ports in the West that were in effect at the time of the 1887 agreement.

—E.A. PERINSON,
Public Affairs
Commission, Fredericton,
Moncton

The diagonal limits

Cheers for William W. Sawatzky, whose *Kingfisher* letter, "When English becomes illegal" (Oct. 20) We hear very little of the difficulties of the anglophones in Quebec, but a greater share of the French-speaking ones have been made available. The *Quebec North America Act* set out the limits, and that is far as far as we should have gone, instead of now requiring, among other things, that manufacturers print both languages on merchandise at our expense. Why not all the other minority lan-guages? If the *NA Act* is not to stand?

—A.E. KERSEY,
Baltimore, Md.

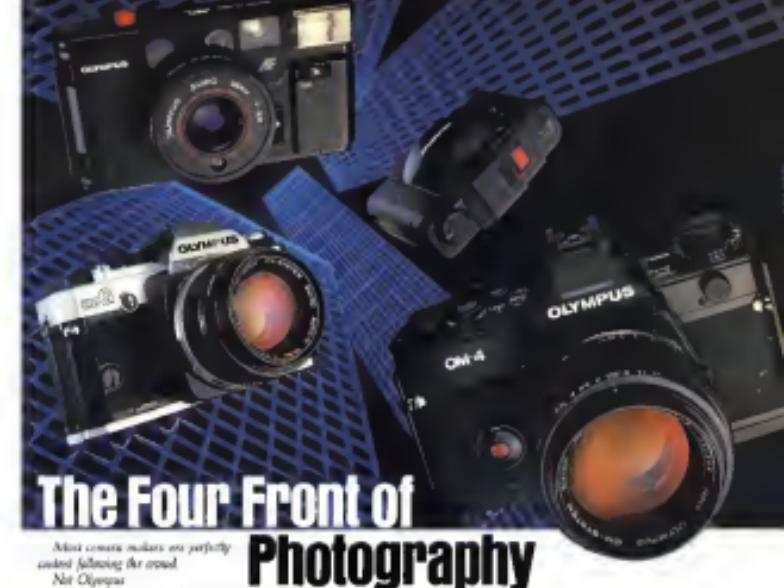
In praise of Stratroy, Ont.

Every week I enjoy reading Allan Fotheringham's column. My eyebrows rose that much more after discovering the reference to Stratroy, Ont., as the Oct. 14 column, "On Canada," they stand on guard! 100 billion, solemnly, someday a prime minister will come from that "bung."

—CHÉRÉ MAUL,

Stratroy, Ont.

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply a self-addressed and postage-paid envelope. Mail correspondence to: Letters Editor, *Maclean's*, 1000 W. 11th St., Toronto, Ont. M5G 1A7.



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Granville's market woes

Three years ago at the height of his power, Joseph E. Granville was the master of Wall Street. His "buy" or "sell" recommendations could whisper the Dow Jones Industrial Average and make bank of the steadiest of less showy market gains. Caught up in his own mystique, Gran-

ville believed that he had "cracked" the inscrutable secrets of investing and he proudly predicted that he would soon win a Nobel Prize for economics. But few of Wall Street's experts have ever fallen further and harder than Granville. For more than two years, since he issued his famous Jan. 6, 1981,

"sell everything" letter to the 30,000 subscribers of his *Market Letter*, Granville, 66, has been persistently harsh—right through the most brutal market in Wall Street's history. And while that "sell" advisory was powerful (driving the Dow down 26 points in one day on a then record volume of 92 million shares) and presented (marking the start of a slump that bottomed only in August, 1982), it was also the high-water mark of his influence. Now, although the power of the "P-T-Bureau of Incentives" has waned, he continues to advise in his panel of doom and he predicts that he will make a comeback.

Granville has along tempestuous and disastrously to his-damn voice of an inveterate stock market debater. All through the rally that began in August, 1982, he has advised his more daring clients to borrow stocks and sell them "short" in order to buy them back at a lower price when the predicted panic breaks out. For the dwindling band of devotees that has followed that advice—subscriptions to his *Market Letter* are down to 4,500—the result has been little short of frightening. Said a New York broker: "He's been wrong all along. He said 'short the market.' You know where you are if you shorted this market! You are in the poorhouse."

Widely acclaimed for the discovery of "On Balance Volume"—a measure of demand for stocks now used by most technical analysts—Granville had a checkered record as a freelance money mover. He stumbled seriously in 1978-1979 when he loaded stocks through one of Wall Street's most giddy postwar surges. But from then until August, 1981, he was a huge, almost worshipped following by calling stock market tops and bottoms with startling accuracy. By 1980 Granville enjoyed \$1 million a year in subscriptions to his letter and a steady round of lecture invitations from brokerage houses and investment groups.

Now his 1978-1982 record looks even more like a lucky streak; reversals are down dramatically, and invitations are rare. Under the influence of his third wife, 43-year-old Rosita, he has toned down a once fastidious lecture style that included neuroticus' dances, puppets, sets and piles of real money managers in tumbling "bag holders." Still, his basic view remains harsh. Said Dick Krikorian, a spokesman for Granville: "He believes there may be one more peak upward soon, but after that the market is going to collapse, say day." If it does, Granville may well have one more chance to hurl a frosty phrase at the investment advisers he has so long derided. "I told you so!"

—Lester Gartner in New York



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Q&A: BRIAN PECKFORD

Newfoundland's fight for respectability

Newfoundland has long quarreled with the federal government over the ownership and management of the oil resources under the seabed area of the Great Banks of the provinces' joint control. In February the Supreme Court of Newfoundland awarded ownership of the resources to Ottawa, and the Supreme Court of Canada could render its decision on the matter as early as next month.

Premier Brian Peckford has led Newfoundland's fight with a zeal that has earned him an anti-Canadian reputation in some circles. In an interview with Maclean's Atlantic Bureau Chief Michael Chapman, Peckford, 44, declared that while the recent formation of the Party for an Independent Newfoundland was a profitable spin-off of the controversial federal-provincial fight, he himself places Canada's urgent energy needs ahead of the province's offshore claims. The turbulence is not confined to the premier's political life. Two weeks ago Peckford's private life came under public scrutiny when his wife, Marita, 35, talked to reporters

about their decision to separate (they have two children). The premier, however, refused to discuss his personal relationships.

Maclean's: A few months' formation of a separate party—the Party for an Independent Newfoundland—removes

**Without firing a shot,
Ottawa is doing more
damage to Newfoundland
land than the United
States did in Grenada'**

moderation or is there more to it?

Peckford: I would say that it is real—I think it comes out of frustration. Two years ago I predicted that unless there was some reconciliation [with Ottawa], some accommodation for our position, we sat out—there is going to be some trouble. And now we have it, it is some

kind of political reality. The degree to which it is serious is still to be determined. I take the position that it is respectable to negotiate and there can be a force to be reckoned with in Newfoundland politics over the next two or three years, depending on what happens over that time.

Maclean's: Your critics claim that you and your party subscribe to the state of mind that gives rise to separatist sentiments. They point to your finance minister, Dr. John Collier, suggesting changes in the Terms of Union and your September reference to Newfoundland leaders as "agents of Confederation."

Peckford: I did not set out to have this little party form itself on the periphery of Newfoundland politics. I would lay just as much blame, if not worse, on Ottawa for creating this party. It has been their impasse, not ours. We express our frustrations in various ways, and certain words and phrases are quickly picked up by other people and used against us. The many, many more Doofederational-practive things we say

are not emphasized. I will continue to express myself in words that mean something to me, and if they strike a chord, and that somehow makes somebody to be more apathetic than before, then I am sorry. It is not conscious, it is not deliberate.

Maclean's: How do you expect the Supreme Court of Canada to rule on the offshore issue?

Peckford: My own perspective is that given the decision of the Supreme Court of Newfoundland and the narrow way in which that court approached the subject, it is more probable that the federal government could win, because the majority of the people sitting on the Supreme Court of Canada have a Canadian conception of resource development, not the global one. That being the outcome, we will then argue from a strict moral equality point of view—that it is unacceptable and that law comes out of people. People do not come out of law, people make law. There must be a convention to make new laws which better reflect the inequalities in Canada—one part of the country being poor even though it has the resources. We have made compromises as a province, and I do not think that has been given enough exposure in the whole Canadian debate over what Newfoundland wants vs. what Canada wants. It was not fair for us, if we were going to con-



Peckford: mouse, cod and a symphony

tinue to call ourselves Canadians, to insist that national self-sufficiency was secondary to Newfoundland's interests. It has to be primary in everybody's interests. We have agreed that national self-sufficiency and security of supply would have to be satisfied before some of the more provincial objectives kicked

into the picture. So, if elements of the agreement are not acceptable, we will have a comprehensive nationwide campaign to show how useful it is.

Maclean's: Do you think that such a campaign is likely to sway Ottawa?

Peckford: Given the [bad] news about Nova Scotia's gas reserves and the ongoing depletion of oil in Alberta, it may be at a point in the history of Canada where the economics might take precedence over the politics that the economy of Hibernalia would take precedence over rock sentiments as "the link with Newfoundland" because they only have news media. Therefore, the federal government may succumb to a formula that is more equal, something Newfoundland can accept rather than what Ottawa would otherwise [decide for] from a sheer political analysis of the situation. It is a question of trying to reach self-sufficiency in oil in Canada, which is a general and very strong national priority.

Maclean's: Still, the federal government could just go ahead and develop the offshore anyway it chooses, without reference to Newfoundland.

Peckford: Unilateral action is inconsistent with the moderate approach that the Liberal government has taken on foreign affairs and other matters. Ottawa would lose an awful lot of support—moral and political—throughout

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the rest of Canada if it decided to try to raise Newfoundland into the ground. The federal government watched the United States go into Grenada, which I support, but what Ottawa has grave doubts. Ottawa takes an awfully moderate approach toward Grenada when it has a presence in its own Confederation that it is doing more destruction to, without firing a shot, than the United States ever did to Grenada.

MacLean's: If you are putting Canada's energy needs ahead of Newfoundland's desire to control its offshore, how would the revenues be split?

Peckford: Reserves have around 35 to 35 of what was available for governments, in Newfoundland's favor until we came closer to the Canadian average [of wealth]. That would be a fair trade-off for relinquishing control to Ottawa.

MacLean's: Has the recent federal restructuring agreement with Ottawa paved the way for improved federal-provincial relations?

Peckford: Not necessarily. We would like to project it into a three in relations, but unfortunately that hasn't necessarily followed. But it gives some direction to us both.

MacLean's: You have long wanted to make it possible for the many Newfoundlanders who have left the province to be able to return to live. Last year, for the first time in years, more people moved to Newfoundland than moved away. Is that an aberration or the start of a trend?

Peckford: There are a lot of people who just want to come home so they can about their money, for their fish and still have a job. That is our lifestyle. Because the resources are not so bountiful in other places, it is just as good to be in Newfoundland as it is anywhere else right now. It is better for them to be home because they can grow a few vegetables in their back yard and get a bit of wild meat and a lot of fish and have a lot cheaper is rural Newfoundland than they could ever live elsewhere in Canada. In rural Newfoundland you can live just on the meat that you have in your pocket.

MacLean's: Some of your critics say that you maintain a paternalistic view of rural Newfoundland — the romantic view that country folk don't need or want the cash for color TV and color material goods that urban dwellers strive to acquire.

Peckford: I am not saying that. I am not a Jean-Drapeau Bastion. I am saying we can have the best of both worlds.

MacLean's: Do you still want subsidies?

Peckford: Yes. I had a mouse trap two weeks ago. I paged it last Saturday. I do not need the result. It is part a good practice and it will save me money, too. Thought I am off to the sympathy. I bet you did not know there was a sympathetic in Newfoundland? ☐

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FOLLOW-UP

MPs' new deal on trial

For the first time in his parliamentary career, last summer Quebec Liberal MP Dennis Dawson served a cottage in advance. His colleague, Jack Masters, had time to tour his large western Ontario riding in mid-November while the House of Commons took its Remembrance Day break. And dozens of MPs are rediscovering the pleasure of lingering over dinner with their families. All those changes are the result of an ambitious man-month-old experiment in parliamentary reform. Last Jan. 1, a sweeping set of rules changes took effect. The House began its sittings at 6 p.m. instead of sometime after 10:30 p.m. Members' speeches were limited to 20 minutes instead of 48. And for the first time in its history, Parliament adopted a fixed calendar with predictable Christmas, Easter and summer breaks, as well as a week off for constituency work in early November.

If parliamentarians do not stop bickering, they will again face night sittings, long speeches and uncertain holidays

But the system may not last. The House adopted the new rules as a one-year trial basis. Now, unless all three parties agree to implement them permanently, they will expire when the House rises for Christmas on Dec. 21. Although most MPs favour the changes, many in the chaotic old days may not be able to overcome their parochial divisions in time to prevent it.

Liberal MP Thomas LeFebvre (Pointe-Claire—Montreal) says one is determined to implement the new arrangements. The 56-year-old former garage operator is the driving force behind the reform effort. For 15 months he has chaired a hard-working committee of 26 MPs from all parties which set as its goal a more efficient and predictable House of Commons. The committee produced 10 unanimous reports—a rare display of co-operation among Ottawa's three parties. But now that support is breaking down. The Conservatives claim that the government is blocking permanent adoption of the new rules, and the Liberals blame the Conservatives for jeopardizing the reforms.

Failure to reach an agreement would

leave both short- and long-term consequences. The immediate effect would be to endanger MPs' Christmas holidays. Once the new rules expire, there's nothing to stop some Conservative MPs from insisting that the House sit on Dec. 22 and 23. The longer-term effect would be to go back to the old system of night sittings, long speeches and holidays—only when all members agreed to do so.

Indeed, a few MPs would be pleased to see that happen. John Shields, for one, a Conservative MP who represents the northern Alberta riding of Athabasca, used to enjoy spending quiet evenings working in the Commons. His family is in Fort McMurray, Alta., and he says that his nights now are often long and lonely. But most MPs complain that the changes do not, in fact, go far enough. Farmer Conservative Leader Joe Clark has committed himself to exploring ways to make Parliament more accountable to the people and more rewarding for little-known back bench MPs. The need is clear. A recent Gallup poll showed that 84 per cent of Canadians have little or no interest in Parliament.

There is no shortage of reforms to test. The House has tried only a handful of the committee's recommendations. The more controversial proposals—such as one allowing all MPs, not just the party in power, to select their Speaker, and a second, permanent five-to-break party rules and vote on issues according to their constituents—have provoked only a momentary nod from the government.

Parliament is contemplating even more radical changes. One of the most far-reaching is a total overhaul of the Senate. Two of the most prominent members, Senators Michael Peiffer and Senator Duff Roblin, a former premier of Manitoba, have called for a elected Upper House. At the same time, political analysts are suggesting everything from abolishing the Senate entirely to turning it into a House of the Provinces, a new legislative body where provincial representatives would meet to defend the interests of their regions.

THEIR next major challenge is simply to survive in late Parliament's last few sittings, even as the road to parliamentary reform stalls Dawson. "I think it was a very honest lead by both sides. The vast majority of members want the new rules to continue." Dawson has a personal reason for championing the reforms. The cottage has been rented.

—CAROL GOAN in Ottawa

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Atlantic City's mixed fortunes

Five years after the first glittering sauna opened its doors along Atlantic City's boardwalk, the New Jersey seashore resort city is poised to overtake Las Vegas as the gambling capital of North America. Despite lean years, when many of once-armed bandits stood silent and casinos suffered substantial losses, Atlantic City's nine casinos now report enviable revenues. They had gross revenues of \$188.7 million in August and \$147.6 million in September, up 20 per cent from September, 1980. At the same time, Las Vegas grossed an average of \$162.3 million in July, August and September. But the casino owners' refusal to invest enough of their profits in the city to

business They attacked further blazes to the state regulations designed to keep out organized crime and attract family vacationers. These restrictions forced casinos to institute such practices as devoting 30 per cent of their tables to people wagering small bets—a rule that the most profitable enterprise, Resorts International Hotel Casino, still cost it so much as \$1 million a year. According to Marvin Reffens, a market industry analyst at the brokerage firm of Juhney Montgomery Scott Inc. in Philadelphia, the state regulations meant that it cost 40 per cent more to run a casino in New Jersey than in Nevada.

The result of that rule and other eng-



Atlantic City's depressed cityscape: soaring crime statistics in an urban wasteland

alleviate high unemployment and a chronic housing shortage has caused mass demonstrations along the boardwalk. Angry local residents claim that gambling has taken little more than soaring crime statistics and a growing urban wasteland in their. Palatial hotels and new construction projects like the boardwalk strip, by William Weisner, the president of the Caesar's Big Casino Corp., cause the Atlantic City, away from the boardwalk, "looks like Berlin" in 1945.

The heavy losses that Atlantic City casinos suffered in their first years of operation convinced some skeptics that gambling would not survive there. Only four years three seasons—the Tropicana, the Plaza Hotel & Casino and the Claridge Hotel & Casino—report revenues of between \$16 million and \$20 million. Casino operators blamed part of their losses on shortages of restaurants, parking spaces and hotel rooms needed to attract business conventions

and visitors. They attacked further blazes to the state regulations designed to keep out organized crime and attract family vacationers. These restrictions forced casinos to institute such practices as devoting 30 per cent of their tables to people wagering small bets—a rule that the most profitable enterprise, Resorts International Hotel Casino, still cost it so much as \$1 million a year. According to Marvin Reffens, a market industry analyst at the brokerage firm of Juhney Montgomery Scott Inc. in Philadelphia, the state regulations meant that it cost 40 per cent more to run a casino in New Jersey than in Nevada.

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nicht per cent of their gross revenues (about \$100 million this year) is a guaranteed tax earmarked for social justice benefit programs through New Jersey. As well, legislation requires that each operation also set aside two per cent of its annual revenues for "readjustment" in Atlantic City. But according to Thomas Flynn, a spokesman for the New Jersey Casino Control Commission, the current provision defines reinvestment so broadly that "it covers Resorts International whether it builds a new wing for a neurosurgery hospital or puts up a parking garage across the

street from the casino." Declared Flynn: "People who are expecting a pot of money to solve Atlantic City's problems of obsolescence, seedy buildings and manufacturers are going to be disappointed." The state's legislature is considering for revision of the law by year's end, and special interest groups hope that casino owners will direct revenues toward such projects as a new convention center for the city and a \$50-million refurbishing of the Philadelphia-to-Atlantic City railway line. New Jersey's proposal to apply a 1.5-per-cent reinvestment tax on casino reve-

nues met with forceful opposition from casino operators. Said David Gaudet, executive director of the Atlantic City Casinos Hotel Association: "We've been asked that this [reinvestment] be an investment, not a tax. This original intent was to give an incentive to operators to build facilities, not to renovate buildings. Now it is looked at as a panacea for every [ill] from being streets to solving death by natural causes."

The influx of cash and people has also resulted in a sharp increase in crime. The incidence of murder and rape has risen by more than 100 per cent since legal gambling started. The problem of organized crime, which has existed for years in Atlantic City, has intensified as the riches have multiplied. James Flanagan, deputy director of the New Jersey division of gaming enforcement in Trenton, the state capital, said that he is satisfied "that organized crime is not present in the ownership or operation of the nine existing casinos." He added that the problem lies in the service industries—laundry services for the hotels, plumbing and construction contracting. Said Flanagan: "In these areas there is definite influence from organized crime."

Still, the gaming industry has brought some beneficial changes to Atlantic City. Casinos last year paid \$40 million in property taxes to the city, stimulating needed public works projects. The unemployment rate has dropped to 13 per cent from 15 per cent, although it still remains far higher than the national average of 8.7 per cent. The casinos have created 30,000 jobs, most of them were out-of-state people, often from Las Vegas and Puerto Rico; minority groups demonstrated along the boardwalk several times over the past five months against alleged discrimination in hiring. Said Larry Brown, of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People: "We were told when we voted for casino gambling that we would get a piece of the pie. What we got is jobs as porters and chambermaids."

The recent upturn in casino fortunes has fueled initiatives to run new roulette projects, and the Casino Hotel Association conservatively predicts that 17 extra-hotels will open in the city by 1980. Construction has already started on the new \$20-million Hilton Hotel-motel, and French hotel magnate André Dreyfus of Trump International, 2000, recently joint venture with Holiday Inns, this year will be one of the largest Atlantic City casinos, Studio Trump. "I go there and I see the numbers. There has never been anything like this in history." For their part, Atlantic City residents only outside that the gambling boom is a mixed blessing—it best

—DANIEL BLUMBERG, an Atlantic City

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COLUMN

How to avoid economic peril

By Dian Cohen

Royal commissions are useless. They cost millions and return next to nothing. They obfuscate the time of our most talented thinkers for months and years and make it easier for politicians to postpone hard decisions. In fact, the prevarication exhibited by numerous parties have been the most positive things to come out of the royal commissions.

One of the best submissions was the 13-page commentary that the C.D. Howe Institute presented earlier this month to the Macdonald commission. The Howe Institute was one of a number of nonprofit think tanks that sprung up in Canada after the Second World War. During the 1970s Carl Beagle and Judith Maxwell became economic director and senior policy analyst respectively. They made beautiful music together, and the Howe Institute became far superior to the other, similar groups in terms of the relevance and perspicuity of its analysis. Beagle and Maxwell are now gone. But the Howe Institute, now掌管ered by Wendy Dobson, still has something to contribute.

The basic premise of the Howe submission is that Canadian policymakers are far more responsible for our economic malaise than they are prepared to admit. It follows that unless—and until—they acknowledge that their actions—on lack of them—do indeed affect the Canadian economy, they are unlikely to make crucial decisions now that will affect the quality of Canadian life for the next decade or more. That point is not made often enough in Canada. One of the few adherents to the view is Arthur Smith, who got himself into a lot of trouble in the late 1980s while, as chairman of the Economic Council of Canada, he warned Pierre Trudeau that the war on inflation would bring price relief, but instead, levels of unemployment.

Smith was right. The Economic Council was subsequently banished to the Hudson River to Vanier, and Smith practically vanished from the Canadian economic scene. He is now back as chairman of Northern Professionals Group, a financial management firm. In one of his first statements, he recently said: "With Canada's economic situation as it is, the past two years has been concentrated as bad economic news emanating from the United States and there has been widespread

tendency to blame Republicans and 'adverse international conditions' for Canada's economic difficulties. In this, there has been a failure to realize fully the extent to which the severity and breadth of the recession were attributable to domestic economic dislocation and misjudgments in Canadian economic settings."

The thrust of his submission is that, up to the early 1970s, it was relatively easy for governments not to think too much. Economic growth rates were more than adequate to meet most social goals, and there seemed to be little need for the government to intervene drastically to ensure that resources were being efficiently used. But two dramatic events of the 1970s have, according to the Howe submission, forced a "re-evaluation in our evaluation of economic issues and of appropriate policies." The first was the fact that the economic growth, taken for granted for so long,

Canadian policymakers are far more responsible for our present malaise than they are prepared to admit"

suddenly petered out. For most of the 1970s and, so far, for the 1980s, it has taken as two and sometimes three years to achieve the level of economic growth we so easily achieved in one year during the 1960s. The second was the combined impact of a huge change in energy prices and the emergence of the newly industrialized Third World. And the Howe brief "Suddenly Canada faced enormous problems of adjustment. It became painfully clear that wacky economic policies pursued on the grounds of price stability, of full employment, and of equity were seriously hindering needed adjustments."

Tough words. Tough ideas. The federal government's 1974 decision to regulate domestic oil prices resulted from a belief that Canadians should not have to adjust to the whims of the oil market.

But whereas Canadian consumption patterns are "permanently" embedded in the rest of the world," our system of subsidies to disadvantaged regions, born out of a desire for geographic equity, has reduced uncompetitive producers. Our unemployment benefit system discourages workers to

move to where they would at least have a hope of getting work.

Righting the wrongs of past economic policy decisions does not necessarily mean just letting nature take its course. It does, however, mean that present and future policymakers will have to distinguish much more carefully between those in the system that might be off-target by government intervention and those that may be accepted and adjusted to. The shock that the United States decided to expand its money supply (as it did in the late 1960s), the effect on Canada would be imported inflation (as it was in 1978). That shock could be offset by allowing the Canadian dollar to rise in value. (The Canadian government tried in the late 1960s to affect the imported inflation but it apparently used higher taxes instead of a floating dollar.) Consequently, as Arthur Smith anticipated, Canadians got a price relief and three per cent more unemployment.)

The decision to pursue Canadiana from rising energy and basic raw material prices in the mid-1970s and the subsequent National Energy Program of 1980 are as good examples of bad judgment as can be found. In the short term, the once-seemingly small in relation to the perceived benefits of lower inflation and unemployment. But by the end of 1981, the costs, in terms of lower competitiveness and unemployment, had escalated, and adjustment had become more difficult. According to the Howe Institute, "Producers who had acquired equipment designed to take advantage of cheap oil faced that equipment obsolete and themselves uncompetitive with producers in other countries who had adopted energy-efficient equipment some time earlier." Inflationary pressures encouraged costly wage catch-ups that reduced international competitiveness of Canadian manufacturers. Low prices for producers and the growing oil burdens imposed by governments delayed development of the were costly petroleum supplies on which Canadians will have to rely in the future."

Canadians have not been good at either recognizing the shocks that must be accepted and adjusted to as necessitating the adjustment. But that recognition and acceptance is going to have to be front and centre if Canadians are going to re-establish steady growth.

Dian Cohen is a Montreal-based economist.



JOHN KENNEDY THEN AND NOW

By Pierre Salinger

Journalist Pierre Salinger was a close personal friend of John and Robert Kennedy. He worked for both of them and he was press secretary to President Kennedy until he was assassinated in Dallas 20 years ago this week. Now chief foreign correspondent for ABC News in Paris, Salinger was uniquely placed to appraise the Kennedys, their awesome strength, and their failings. Here is his report.

There were warnings. Nothing of substance, merely the doomsdayings of men and women who had felt the heat waves of political barrel-rolling through Texas in the fall of 1963. President John F. Kennedy wanted strong civil rights legislation, big blocks and sympathetic votes from the South, and so many conservative Texans in 1960 there were indefensible objectives. "Don't let the president come down here," a Texan wrote me a few days before his trip. "You'll warm him up! I think something terrible will happen to him." United Nations Ambassador Adlai Stevenson had been spat upon on a recent visit and had even telephoned the White House to suggest that perhaps the president should postpone his trip.

Kennedy never received the suggestion, but he would not have acceded to it. He had never shied from the subject of assassination but he viewed it fatalistically. He had always told his intimates that if any man was willing to spend his own life to kill a president of the United States, he could do it. And once Kennedy had even specified the method of how an assassin would do it: from a high building, with a high-powered rifle and a telescopic sight.

But it was life, not death, that was uppermost in Kennedy's mind in November, 1963. The dark cloud of his infant son Patrick's death the previous August had lifted. He was a vibrant 46, in the third year of his presidency and at the height of his powers. His first years in office had been marked by a remarkable sense of the knowledge that, with his election victory of a mere 100,000 votes, he had won no clear mandate from the American people. And then he had bravely wounded his administration by backing a clandestine attempt of Cubans-in-exile to invade their homeland, resulting in the "Bay of Pigs" fiasco. But sangfroid, maturity and grace had masked the president's unsuccessful effort to turn Soviet missiles away from Cuba, and his popularity had rebounded. Domestically, the country was in excellent economic shape, and he was predicting—provided Congress

passed his tax bill—the longest and strongest peacetime expansion in the nation's history (a prediction that came true). In foreign affairs, the U.S.S.R.'s most belligerent act in recent months had been to build a Taek peninsula on an enclave charge. The Soviets and China seemed more warlike than ever, and the United States. In Vietnam, the government of President Ngo Dinh Diem had just been ousted in a military coup. The new government, pro-Western and anti-Communist, promised to stop oppressing the Buddhists—a feature of the previous government that the United States had opposed—and Kennedy was looking to the day when he could disengage from Vietnam entirely.

But the process of John Kennedy in November, 1963, was not something one could describe simply with facts and conditions American presidents are, by virtue of the office, the most powerful men in the world. Kennedy, at that moment, was also the most popular man in the world, quite possibly the most popular man in all history. Not only had he raised his countrymen from their post-Second World War torpor, but he had seemed to kindle a vision throughout the world about what humankind could and should be. His perpetual tan, expressive grey eyes and compelling face radiated promise. He was at once elegant and accessible, the embodiment of intellect, wit and charm. What he projected above all was a belief in mankind's propensity to determine its own fate.

Kennedy was going to Texas, nominally at the suggestion of then Vice-President Lyndon Johnson, in the hope that his visit might heal some ruptures within the state's Democratic party. But his trip had an even more important objective: to solidify his position with the voters of the state. Texas was critical to the president's re-election prospects in 1964, but winning the state was by no means assured. He had barely carried Texas in the 1960 election—by a mere 95,000 votes—despite the state's favorite son, Johnson, had been on the Democratic ticket. Nationally, his approval rating with the voters stood at a healthy 58 per cent, but among Texas voters it was well under 40 per cent.

As a Texas city was the president's political problem more evident than in Dallas. It was a curious city, bursting with new wealth from discoveries of vast East Texas oil pools, evolving into a financial capital, its human beauties adorning the waterfront and often the eminence of the nouveau riche. Its political sentiments were often expressed in a raw and primitive fashion, particularly by its leading newspaper, whose publisher once told Kennedy





Inauguration Day: he was at once elegant and accessible, and he seemed to kindle a vision throughout the world about what humankind could and should be'

that at a time when the nation needed a man on horseback to lead it, he was, in effect, riding his daughter's triumph. The white-on-black majority of Dallas was essentially fundamentalist, comfortable with absolutes, uncomfortable, apparently, with a president who believed both in change and in compromise as a means to achieve it.

But more of this was evident to Kennedy as he alighted from Air Force One at Dallas' Love Field shortly before 11 a.m. on Nov. 22, 1963, his wife, Jacqueline, roses in her arms and a warm smile on her lips, at his side. It was at Jackie's own initiative that she was with her husband in Dallas. If there had been problems between them in the past, their relationship had been considerably strengthened in the aftermath of the loss at birth of their son, Jacky, who has consistently been portrayed as an unimportant political asset that has participated in the campaign for re-election would be a plus factor for J.F.K.

The day was sunny, the air fresh. An exuberant crowd saluted its greeting, as if to prove to Kennedy that what he had heard about the city simply was not true. Eyes crinkling, smiling broadly, the president greeted the crowd with outstretched arms. Then the presidential limousine started into town. The car, the president's own, might have won

its bubble-top Secret Service men might have ridden on its track, providing a human shield. But the president had vetoed all those measures because he felt they distanced him from the crowd.

Then at the outset, the crowd had grown as the motorcade approached the centre of the city. Then it turned again, as the caravan made a sharp left turn at the corner of Elm and Houston streets and headed down an incline toward an underpass. First came the police motorcycle escort, and then the big finale with the Kennedys in back and John Connally, the Democratic governor of Texas, and his wife in the jump seats. Minutes before, Maxwell Connelly had turned to the president and said, "You certainly can't say that the people of Dallas haven't given you a nice welcome." Moments later, as they passed the Texas School Book Depository, a condemned brick building, there was a shot, and then another and another. The first bullet struck Kennedy in the neck. He slumped forward and leaned toward his wife. She snatched forward and leaned toward her husband. The second shot hit the right part of the president's head. "Oh, no, no," Jacqueline Kennedy cried. "Oh my God, they have shot my husband."

At the moment, the shots were fired, I was an hour and a half out of Honolulu, aboard a sleek black-and-white presidential Boeing 707 jet, bound for Tokyo and Hawaii. Aboard the plane were six members of the president's entourage, including then Secretary of State Dean Rusk, who were travelling to Japan for a five-day economic conference with

the Japanese cabinet. I was immersed in my reading when I felt a tap on my shoulder. It was Robert Marling, the assistant secretary of state for public affairs. "The secretary wants to see you up forward," he said.

I stood. Roads were flooded, holding a yellow mass of paper in his hand. I recognized it instantly as having come from the plane's news Teletype machine. The words on the page were badly smudged—but what I managed to read was unbearable.

I kept reading it over and over again. The words stayed on the paper. They would not go away.

In less than a minute, from almost 6,000 miles away, I was talking to the White House Situation Room, the operating nerve centre of the nation. "Situation Room, this is Waynside [my code name]. Can you give me latest situation on Lancer [the president's code name]?"

"The answer came right back. "He and Gov. Connally have been hit in car in which they were riding."

Miracles that were life times passed. Messages flew back and forth. Then, from the *Saint Louis Home*, "hold Waynside on the line. More information coming up . . . I read from *El Albulletin*. Kennedy apparently shot in the head, fell face down, blood on his head. Mrs. Kennedy cried out . . . Connally half-seated slumped to the left, blood on face and forehead . . . president and Gov. Connally were rushed in Parkland Memorial Hospital near Dallas Trade Mart . . . will contact you if we get more."

Our plane had turned back to Hawaii. Again, an inter-



minable wait for messages. Then, "Situation Room relays following to Waynside. Have report quoting Kilbaff [one of my assistants] that the president is dead . . ."

The president is dead? The words were surreal. The telephones dropped out of my hands.

I walked slowly back to Max's cabin. Tears were already streaming my face. "The president is dead," I told the submarine officers. Without another word being said, everyone bent his head and said his private prayer.

Rock then walked to the microphone in the front of the plane and announced the president's death to the 20 passengers. "Ladies and gentlemen, this is the secretary of state speaking. We have received official confirmation that President Kennedy is dead. I am saddened to have to tell you this grievous news. We have a new president. May God bless our new president and our nation."

There was a cacophony of anguish from the passengers. I was standing at the front of the cabin, sobbing. My wife, Nancy, came up and held me, tears running down her face. Other wives reached for their husbands, and the aisle was clapped.

Slowly the sailing subsided, and those closest returned to their seats and sat in stunned silence.

One thought kept running through my mind. I had been everywhere in the world with the president, from the small towns of America to Paris and Rome and Cannes and Bogota. I had been with him from difficult campaign days

when we were lucky to get 20 people in one group to the tumultuous scenes. It was received from two million in Mexico City. I wonder if had been with him in Dallas.

But now, after the coup, thoughts again turn to Dallas. At that moment, no one knew whether this act had been the consequence of a craved fanatic or the first shot of a global conspiracy. If it were the latter, then our plane, with six cabinet members aboard, including the secretary of state, was a likely target—a "hitting dock," for the craft was unarmed and without military escort.

In the hours that followed, the six cabinet members thrashed out the possibilities. When the discussion had concluded, the consensus was that the assassination was, indeed, the opening shot of a plot. Who was behind it? But



Family moments: 'pained by the mountains of lies'

was? Cuban? Was it a right-wing conspiracy? And how widespread was it? Lacking answers, Rank ordered a war-like alert of American forces. His principal concern was that with Washington immobilized, the tragedy of Kennedy's death, unless enemies of the United States might take advantage of the situation, to advance their own interests in the world. Once we landed at Elkhorn Field, Rank instructed Undersecretary of State George W. Ball to undertake an immediate country-by-country study of what foreign policy problems might be triggered by the assassination of the president.

When we were airborne again, the conversation turned to what kind of man would kill the president. The opinion was almost unanimous: it would have to be a militant right-winger from the fanatic fringe of Dallas.

The rest of the night is a blur. I went back to my office for several hours. Mrs. Kennedy had invited Larry O'Brien and

The managers kept calling off the wire-service machine, and finally one started grunting. Then the story of the arrest of Dallas Lee Harvey Oswald, No. 10, of the Texas Book Depository, from whom the shot had been fired. Oswald, dishonorably discharged from the US Marines, had been missing when his employer was rounded up for questioning, and police had put out a bulletin for his arrest. In his flight, he had killed a Dallas policeman who had stopped him for speeding. What visaged as most was the information that Oswald had gone to Russia and sought no renunciation of his US citizenship and been active since his return to the States in the Fair Play for Cuba Committee. That went against all the preconceived theories we had articulated. "If that is true," Rank said, "then a game is, have repercussions around the world for years to come." How prophetic his words were.

Our nonstop flight from Honolulu to Andrews Air Force Base arrived at 10:30 a.m., Washington time. In the darkness outside the plane, I heard my driver calling, "Mr. Salinger." I climbed into the car for the drive back to the White House.

Thought of rats was impossible. Numbness replaced weariness, and I plunged into work, almost like a sleepwalker. I called the hospital where the president's body was being prepared for burial and learned that the body would be brought back to the White House sometime after 4 p.m. I walked over to the East Room of the White House, where the body was to lie in state, to check the arrangements and then set to the north drawing, where a military guard of honor was already forming.

At 4:30 in the morning a black hearse drove through the northwest gates and joined the squad of cars in standing at attention. The casket was then carried by a group of men representing all our services. Following the casket was Mrs. Kennedy, still wearing the pink suit she had worn that morning in Texas, spotted now with her husband's blood. The president's brother, Robert Kennedy, was with her, as were several of the president's close associates.

The casket was placed on a black-draped catafalque in the center of the room while four guards took their places at the corners.

Mrs. Kennedy walked forward slowly and knelt by the casket in silent prayer. She then leaned forward and kissed the casket and slowly walked out of the door.

Our chief was home, and for the first time since I had steered surreptitiously at the page of yellow paper in the hands of the secretary of state, I began to believe he was really dead.

The rest of the night is a blur. I went back to my office for several hours. Mrs. Kennedy had invited Larry O'Brien and



Ken O'Donnell, one of the president's closest associates, and me to spend the night sleeping at the White House in the quarters on the third floor, over the rooms where she and the president had lived.

We sat on the edge of the bed talking for a half-hour or so, trying to piece together and refine the events of the day. In our sharing these might make them more bearable. Finally, about 1 a.m., we went to sleep.

At 5 a.m. the phone rang. "We're picking you up," the operator said. "Mr. Salinger, the president is calling." And for that instant I thought to myself it was all a dream; he wasn't really dead. And then another voice came on the phone. "Paine, this is Lyndon Johnson."

Johnson was calling me—so he would call the rest of J. A. K. Kennedy's apprentices—to ask me to continue as press secretary to the president. "Paine, I know how much President Kennedy meant to you, and I know how you must feel now. But I want you to stay on the job. I need you more than ever did." I told him I would stay.

I dressed quickly and went down to my office, passing the East Room for another glimpse of the casket. The door to the president's office was open, and I glanced inside. All of J. F. K.'s personal possessions had been taken away during the night—the rocking chair, the ship models, the marine prints, the portraits of Caroline and John. Lyndon Johnson would not move into the White House until after the funeral the following Monday, but the sight of that barren office, awaiting its new tenant, made me realize that the transition had already begun.

For the next four days, I found myself serving both a living and a dead president. My twice-daily press briefings were attended by the largest crowd of reporters in White House history. Each was split into two parts, the first dealing with the funeral plans and the second with the activities of President Johnson. The deep personal affection most of the correspondents felt for J. F. K. was apparent at every briefing. Many of the newsmen wrapt openly. Others told me later that they had had to force themselves to take notes because they just couldn't believe they were reporting the funeral of John F. Kennedy. Quite often, not only during this period but in the months that followed, I would announce that "President Kennedy" had done this or that, but the press understood, and not one correspondent reported my laguna.

After one of the briefings, I went to the outer office to check on a press release signed by the secretary who had been typing. It was leaning against a filing cabinet and drying. Blue correction fluid was spilt on her desk, and when I took the smut out of her typewriter to give to another secretary, I saw the eraser she had been unable to correct: "President Kennedy today announced . . ."

In a get-together in the Western Hotel several years ago, an extraordinary 85 per cent of the people questioned remembered exactly where they were and what they had been doing when they learned that John Kennedy had been killed. Only 10 per cent of those people had the same vivid recollection of details in their own families. In there a man or woman, alive then and now, who does not recall the shattering events that followed the assassination, each more poignant than the last, events that wrung tears or such quantities of tears that we thought we had none left to shed, until the next most tragic news?

The magnet is great of Jacqueline Kennedy, a widow at 34. The ring she wears on her dead husband's finger, the kiss on his bloodied lip, the kiss of his life.

The night of my press call, Coddington, kneeling at her master's side, reaching beneath the American flag to press her hand to the casket. The farewell salute of tiny John, three years old on the day of his father's burial.

Who ever a nation more perverse? In Dallas, Nine

Khrushchev wept. Her husband, the Soviet premier, was the first to visit the U.S. Embassy in Moscow, and to sign the condolence book. Wearing a dark suit, Kenya, sept. 1961's "Man of the Year," flew there so overcome that he could scarcely speak. "Believe me, I would never let happen to me that to him," a weeping Ahmed Ben Bella of Algeria told the American ambassador.

Thousands of young Americans, hearing the news, went immediately to airports to fly to Washington and stood all night in freezing weather to gain the early. At one point the line they joined was three miles long, five abreast.

Bellieres placed candles in their windows at the suggestion of Mayor Willy Brandt. The taxi drivers of Bonn parked an empty cab outside the U.S. Embassy with a wreath propped against it. After a performance at London's Old Vic Theatre, Laurence Olivier stepped the applause and bade the audience rise while the orchestra played *The Star Spangled Banner*. On both sides of the House of Commons in Ottawa and London wept Lester Pearson (in Canada) and Harold Macmillan in Britain paid their tributes.

"All I have," Lyndon Johnson said gravely and quietly—his first words to the U.S. Congress as president—"I would have given, gladly, not to be standing here today." It was the day following John Kennedy's funeral, the nation's spirit still strong to march to the sombre cadence of the muffled drums that had accompanied his coffin to Arlington National Cemetery. To the Congress and the nation, Lyndon Johnson possessed continuity. "John F. Kennedy told his countrymen that our national work would not be finished 'in the first 1,000 days, nor in the life of this administration, nor even perhaps in my lifetime on this planet.' But," he said, "let us begin." Today, in this moment of new resolve, he would say to all my fellow Americans, let us continue....

It was exhausted, emotionally drained, unable to work after four days of around-the-clock service to both a dead and living friend. Then, Robert Kennedy proposed that he and I and several close friends, most of them members of the president's staff, go to Florida and rest a house and just talk for several days. So we were, and one day we played a game of touch football, and soon was the rage we had held inside and the overpowering need to vent it that we played against one another with a vengeance to the point that one of our games took a turn. And when our rage was spent, Robert Kennedy talked to us. Robert Kennedy who had suffered even more than we had, and he said we could not let the death of John Kennedy be the end of the world. We did have to continue.

John Kennedy's world

Twenty years have now passed since the assassination of President Kennedy at the height of his power and to the accompaniment of a measure of grief such as the world had never seen before.

The interval has featured a raging controversy over how Kennedy was shot, and by whom, and why. Few doubt that Oswald, the ex-S. marine with Communist sympathies and a psychopathic past, fired the killing shot, but many believe that Oswald did not act alone. He didn't act only that someone else was shooting but that a conspiracy of great significance was involved.

I believe that President Kennedy was killed by a single, demented assassin acting on his own and that this man, in turn, was killed by another man acting on his own, who was



*With Soviet leaders and (below)
Pearson: 'J.F.K. believed Khrushchev
might pull the nuclear trigger'*



motivated and temporarily crazed by grief. If someone had been able to prove otherwise in the interval, I would have accepted that proof, but, in the absence of proof after all these years and so much investigation, to argue the question further is irrelevant.

What seems to me to be much more to the point—particularly in a world far more dangerous than the one from which John Kennedy departed 20 years ago—is the question of what there was in this man that provoked such continual hope and provided such an outpouring of grief when he died. What events did his death unleash—not simply on his wife and children or his brothers and their families, but on his country and the world? What future did we lose when we lost him?

For 20 years now, I have remained silent in the face of a continuing campaign to denigrate and even destroy the image of John Kennedy. He has been described as everything from a dangerous incompetent to a neophyte. As we commemorate the 20th anniversary of his death, it is time to set the record straight. I will try to do that with the greatest possible objectivity. While I qualify as an admirer and respect for his memory equal to what I feel for him in life, I could not betray him if I chose to. The facts simply do not warrant it. To the contrary, they demonstrate that John Kennedy, at his death, was evolving into an exceptional president. I can personally assure that 1,000 days is a lamentably short period in which to prove your real worth in the most powerful office in the world. But in those 1,000 days, I submit, he had already laid the groundwork for a world very different from, and very much better than, the one we live in today.

Let us begin with Kennedy himself, the president I served as press secretary and the man I knew as a friend.

He was not a perfect man. He was a human being, not a myth. For all his loftiness of purpose, he did not take himself that seriously. He had no great vision of himself as being some kind of political or intellectual giant. He understood that he was a human being dealing with human problems and that he would make mistakes. And he did make mistakes. But he was a man who learned from his mistakes, who did not commit them twice.

The Bay of Pigs is a perfect example. That effort to mount an invasion by Cuban exiles had been initiated during the administration of Dwight Eisenhower. Kennedy learned about it only after winning the 1960 election. But he did nothing to abort the mission—and his failure to do so was possibly the greatest mistake he made as president. Kennedy's decision to proceed was based on official assessments from the Central Intelligence Agency and the Pentagon—not only that the mission would succeed but that man-

age opposition to Fidel Castro's regime still existed in Cuba—totally wrong in both counts. Nevertheless, Kennedy did not hesitate for a moment to take the entire responsibility for the debacle.

Fourteen years later, I met with Castro in Havana. The only member of the Kennedy inner staff ever to do so, Castro still stuck to Kennedy's credo. "We must not forget that when everyone was blaming someone else for the Bay of Pigs, he stood up and assumed the responsibility for everything," the Cuban leader told me. He considered that stand "courageous."

The evolution of East-West relations during the Kennedy administration is very revealing about the Kennedy character. It showed him as a man who could and did learn from experience. And what a difference that made!

The initial contact—the meeting in Vienna between Kennedy and Nikita Khrushchev—was hardly as auspicious start for the improvement of relations between the United States and the Soviet Union. The meeting was tough and direct. Khrushchev, as the final link fissures between himself and Kennedy, said he could no longer postpone a settlement of the Berlin question and that he would sign a separate peace treaty with East Germany by December, six months later. Once that was done, he said, he would recognize no conflicting American rights in West Berlin and would cut off sever roads to the city. If the United States chose to go to war over this, "that is your problem," he said.

"It is you and I who want to force a change," Kennedy replied.

Khrushchev shrugged. His decision was final. "It's going to be a cold winter," Kennedy said—and his last words to Khrushchev.

Perhaps the most important consequence of the tensions at Vienna and the events that followed was the initiation of a remarkable series of private letters between Kennedy and Khrushchev starting in September, 1961. I was the first, and subsequently the most frequent, intermediary for this correspondence, although why the Russians elected me at the outset was never made clear. I did have a good relationship with two important Russian figures by that point: one of them, Aleksei Adzhubei, the Soviet chairman's son-in-law, who was the editor of the powerful Soviet daily, *Izvestia*. The other was Mikail Khrushchev, who was Khrushchev's spokesman. We had debated on American television in the summer of 1961, and they had spent hours at my home outside Washington, discussing how U.S.-Soviet relations and communications could be improved.

There was another shadowy figure in the affair, George Shultz, originally the editor of an English-language

Dateline Dallas: 'eyes crinkling, smiling broadly, he greeted the crowd'





Aftermath (Johnson, below right): 'her face a picture of ineffable grief'



The last journey: 'the salute of tiny John, three years old on the day'

magazine in the United States called U.S.S.R. (the product of a cultural agreement) but, according to the CIA, an important agent of the Soviet secret police, the KGB. Bolshakov accompanied Andropov and Khrushchev whenever we were together. He was a jovial man and a hard drinker but he spoke excellent English and often served as an interpreter when Andropov and Khrushchev wanted to be more precise in their own language.

The first message, from Khrushchev to Kennedy, was delivered to me by Bolshakov in a note at the Carlyle Hotel in New York. It was totally unexpected, and electrifying as well, because it signalled a break in Khrushchev's previous antagonistic position on Berlin.

What impressed me about this and subsequent exchanges? I cannot break the secrecy that still surrounds

the messages, but I can make some comments on their style and tone.

First, Khrushchev's letters. They showed a certain innocence. One got the impression that some had been written for him and that he had written others himself. The latter were far more important, for whether you liked Khrushchev or not, he was a wily, tough peasant with a view of world affairs that brought them down to basic human concerns. His letters flowed with cooperation between current events and common subjects like tilling the soil or bringing in the wheat harvest. During the Cuban missile crisis, he compared what was going on to two men pulling from opposite ends of a rope with a knot in the middle. "If we keep pulling, the knot will tighten," he said.

Kennedy's messages were casual, relaxed and informal.

tive. He treated the Soviet leader with the greatest respect and constantly tried to emphasize the subjects on which there was agreement between the two countries. While the state department would draft papers dealing with the substance of Kennedy's response, the actual letter would be written by Kennedy in his own style.

The confidence built up between the men by this private chancery at the highest level was certainly a major influence on Kennedy's understanding of Khrushchev's strengths and weaknesses, as well as Khrushchev's understanding of Kennedy's determination, which led to the defusing without nuclear conflict of the dangerous Cuban missile crisis. Kennedy believed that Khrushchev, pushed to the wall, would not hesitate to pull the nuclear trigger, and he made certain throughout that the Soviet chairman was always presented with options. The policy was one of gradual response, giving Khrushchev the time to reflect and change his policy.



Jack Ruby's revenge: 'Ornald killed a dream'

After Khrushchev had withdrawn the missiles, Kennedy was adamant that the United States not cry victory. For Kennedy, the peaceful result was due to the action of two men, not one, the other being Khrushchev. One can only wonder where US-Soviet relations would be today if such a frank exchange were taking place between Ronald Reagan and Yuri Andropov.

John Kennedy had beaten his countrymen. Twenty years after his assassination, a Harris survey showed that he rates more highly among his fellow Americans than any of the eight preceding presidents. Forty per cent of those polled said that Kennedy might have been president in the White House. The closest former president was Franklin D. Roosevelt—with 27 percent.

That regard, he is, is reflected throughout the world as well. I have spent 15 of the 20 years since his death living and traveling abroad. Not a day in my life has passed since his death when someone has not mentioned his name. I still see his picture hanging in the houses of both his mother and his brother. It is clear to me that Lee Harvey Oswald did much, much more than kill a man. He killed a dream shared by all mankind.

A tribute to Jacqueline

Everyone lost something in the death of John F. Kennedy. Two people lost the most—his wife, Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy, and his brother Robert. This story is about them.

I met Jacqueline Kennedy almost 23 years ago when I first went to work for John F. Kennedy, then a United States senator from Massachusetts, who was running for the presidency. In my first contacts with her, I found her to be a highly intelligent woman, soft-spoken and shy, with an immense passion for privacy. As a committee political activist based on electing John Kennedy president, I was censured by that shyness and afraid for privacy. It hampered

...met the standards Americans had come to expect of waves at the sides of their mates in the grueling political arena.

The more I got to know Jackie, the more my view of her changed. I realized that her own prepossessions would not keep her from doing what was necessary to help her husband. She would simply bring her own style to her efforts. Where the Kennedy family was a turbulent lot, and presidential politics even more turbulent, Jackie brought a calm serenity to her task. She defused tension with humor.

It is one of the great tragedies of the Kennedy saga that none has ever written about this woman who so greatly envied privacy than about any woman in history. What adds such bitterness to the tale is that she was a woman of great beauty.

It is significant that she hated the term "First Lady," as the wives of American presidents are called. She found it presumptuous; it was her husband who had been elected to the presidency. As she pointed out, she had not been elected.

When Jackie arrived at the Whalin House, daughter Caroline was already 3, son John barely two months old. Her primary concern, it was clear from the start, was to assure that her children would grow up as normally as possible in spite of their angst-ridden surroundings, a difficult task to say the least.

One of her phobias had to do with publicity. She wanted her children to be able to play in their backyard, just as other children did. The problem, of course, was that their particular backyard was the South Lawn of the White House, a favorite viewing spot for tourists and picture spots for photographers. The result was predictable. As the degree of publicity increased, Jackson's anger increased to the point of frenzy. Because I was the person



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dean's press secretary, I bear the brunt of her rages.

Sitting in my home in the French countryside is a picture of Jackie and myself, with an inscription from her: "To Pierre—from the greatest man he has to hear." It was Jackie's homocentric allusion to the source of handwritten note, who had worked for during the time I served as White House press secretary, prettifying that I was not always doing enough to protect the children and the privacy of their lives. An example:

"I told Paris [then Tumulty, Mrs. Kennedy's press secretary] tell you this about a week ago: I thought you had made an arrangement with the fotogs not to take pictures of Jackie sitting at wit. They have had all the pictures of Macmillan [Cordell's prey] they want. You have always been the most. And if you are free and will take the time you can stop it. No photo do. What is a press secretary for—to help the press, yes—but also to protect us."

Jackie was not an enthusiastic political campaigner and she did not make many appearances, but she was willing to do so when she felt it could be useful. When Kennedy went to Latin America in 1962, she went with him because she spoke Spanish and could deliver speeches in Spanish, which contributed greatly to the success of their visit. As the 1964 campaign approached, she volunteered to her husband that she would live in D.C. and do whatever he asked of her.

That was why she was in the car with him in Dallas crudely bleeding head in her arms as the car raced through the streets to the hospital where he would die.

The exemplary courage Jackie Kennedy displayed during the ensuing days and at the funeral will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. While many around her broke down, she maintained her composure throughout, her face a picture of unfathomable grief, but her head erect and her eyes dry. It is said that she wanted to set an example for the hundreds of millions of people who would be watching, and I say that is true. But Jackie considered her emotion a private matter, best expressed when she was alone.

Once the president was buried, Jackie retreated to Georgetown, to the home of her friend Aretha Harrison. But a few days later, one of the white-gloved ushers showed up at my office with a package. When I opened it I burst into tears. Inside was President Kennedy's leather cigar holder with the initials J.F.K. engraved on it. Jackie knew I was a cigar smoker and how much that particular memento of the president would mean to me. And she did something similar for all the members of the White House staff. What pain she must have endured as she sifted through her husband's belongings to find something appropriate for each of the men and women who had served him.



A lament for Robert

Robert Kennedy was the best friend I have ever had. I cannot exaggerate his influence on my life. He gave me perspective, ambition and belief in myself, and then he gave me the opportunity to test myself as I had never dreamed I would. Whatever good has happened to me—and it has been a great deal—is to a great degree a consequence of his impact on my life. It does no disservice to John Kennedy when I say that his brother Robert, had he lived, might have made an even greater mark on the world. Both men were idealists, but John Kennedy's idealism was tempered by pragmatism. Robert Kennedy, by the time of his death, had evolved into a deeply committed man.

Very few men have a public image as different from their real personality as did Robert Kennedy. The favorite image used was "tough." I never met anyone so sensitive to the antennae of those around him. You can't be both unctuous and ruthless. From the time I first met him in 1956 until his assassination 10 years later, the evolution of Robert Kennedy was staggering. At the outset, he saw the entire world in black and white. Men and women were either good or



The final moment: 'Robert might have made an even greater mark'

had. There were no compromises. One of the things the exercise of power taught him, particularly as attorney general, was that there were such things as grey areas, and that there was a need to compromise from time to time in order to advance toward objectives.

The years between John Kennedy's death and Robert Kennedy's death were a time of intense and fundamental political and personal introspection in the United States. It was in these years that Robert Kennedy changed the most. He became totally committed to the causes he espoused, as well as the way in Vietnam, equality for blacks, as well as poverty in the United States and elsewhere in the world. Once we were talking about Latin America, and Robert said, "If I had grown up in Latin America, I probably would have been Che Guevara." That will suggest the intensity of the revolutionary work that had developed within him.

Never, until the time I spent with Hubert Kennedy before his brother's death, not even in the most intimate discussions we had, did he ever suggest or even hint that he, himself, wanted to be president or thought he one day might. His only ambition during John Kennedy's administration was to serve it as effectively as he could, first as

I believe that, had he lived, he would have won the Democratic nomination in 1968. He believed it, too. In California, in early June, he felt that if he could win two state primaries

an in a single day, that would nail down the nomination. Those victories—in California and South Dakota—came to pass on June 4, 1956.

Ten days before the California primary, I went to dinner at the home of one of the state's most powerful Democratic leaders, Paul Ziffra, and his wife, Shirley. There, I ran into a friend, the French writer Hervé Gary. After dinner, Gary approached me and said, "You know, your guy will be killed."

The salutation came up a few days later in Mabba, where Bobby was resting at the home of film director John Frankenheimer. Gary was there, too, with his wife, Jean Seberg. He put the subject to Bobby. "What presentations are you taking?"

Bobby, who knew what he meant because I had already reported the conversation to him, shook his head. "There's no such thing as old age. You can't stop growing up, you know it all at once. You're just not in the people and treat them. From this on, it's just that good old 'batch look.' " Bobby twisted a glass of orange juice in his hand. "In any event, you have to have look on your side to be

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Gremm (line)	139.6	17.5	56.4	
Ca II K (line)	393.7	3.8	1.8	
Ca I K (line)	417.5	618.0	326.7	
Percival (line)				100
Fe II Lyman- α	486.1	561	560	100
Fe II Lyman- β	516.2	618.0	560	100

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Move out of the ordinary.
FBI. A government website that's not as bad as you think, according to Jane E. Ryan, author of *How to Write a Book About Yourself*.
KATHLEEN CUCCHI,



Beginnings (1960): 'both men were idealists'

elected president of the United States. Either it's with you or it isn't. I'm pretty sure there'll be an attempt on my life sooner or later. Not so much for political reasons. I don't believe that just plain outlaws. That's all. There's plenty of that around. We live in a time of extraordinary psychic instigations. Someone should make a study of the traumatising effect caused by the mass media, which dwells on and lives by drama."

At six o'clock on the evening of June 4, Robert moved to the Ambassador Hotel, a few miles from downtown Los Angeles, to await the return. As the co-chairman of press operations for the campaign, I remained downstairs in a ballroom where we had set up facilities for the press and where, win or lose, Robert would make a speech to sign-

porters and campaign workers later in the evening. Whenever reports came in from South Dakota or various parts of California I would relay them to him in his suite.

From the start, it looked good, and by 11 p.m. I was able to assure the candidate that he could come down and make a victory speech with the confidence that he had won the California primary. When Kennedy finished speaking, the crowd in the ballroom was so vast that he decided to duck out through the kitchen. I remained behind with the press.

Suddenly people were running away from the kitchen. I fought my way past them and saw Robert on the ground. I was certain he was dead. I thought, we again?

Ambulance took Kennedy to a hospital. I had no car, and there were no taxis. A man on a motorcycle stopped and offered me a ride. My wife, Shirley, was with me. We both got on and roared across the city to the hospital.

They fought for his life, as doctors in another hospital had fought for his brother's life. But this time he died.

The funeral service was at St.

Patrick's Cathedral in Manhattan. Burial was at Arlington National Cemetery. The casket was carried from New York to Washington on a train. I have always maintained that if you want to know what America is really like you can't fly, you have to take the train. It's from the train that you would see Robert Kennedy's people. They were all there that day. There were so many of them, standing so close to the truck, that the truck had to reduce its speed. Even so, several persons were killed.

As Robert Kennedy's funeral train wound its way north

through the shires of Newark, Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore and through the beautiful open countryside of Pennsylvania and Maryland, one thought kept running back as I looked at the people gathered on that train. The tribute to Robert Kennedy was not the quantity of the people on the train, but their quality. He had that remarkable ability to involve and attract the best, the brightest and most committed people. I doubt if Bob Kennedy ever called a single person in the top echelon of his campaigns to ask them to come to work. They just came, giving up jobs and careers, changing their lives because they believed in him. And so it was on the train. The passengers on that train could have run the most exciting government the United States had ever seen. ♦

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Gérard Lévesque, the former Premier of Quebec: the town will not become a ville, but anglophones, labor and business are still disappointed.



RONALD WILSON

CANADA

Lévesque's unfilled promises

By Anthony Wilson-Smith

Last September Quebec Premier Lévesque committed his government to dealing head-on with the two most contentious issues of his administration: language and the economy. But last week, at the national assembly, he announced after Lévesque had postponed it twice for more than a month, disengagement replaced vigilance when he failed to produce the bold new measures promised in both areas.

The Parti Québécois initially proposed Bill 57, announced last Thursday, to eliminate many activists among Quebec's 720,000 Anglophones. Despite the language changes, the law effectively bans English. Few almost all government services in the province. Indigenous Minister Gerald Godin said that the law would work "as well in such languages as Greek and Chinese outside 'establishments spe-

cialized' to other provinces. Quebec will permit English schooling only if the new arrivals come from a province that offers educational services to francophones comparable to those available to Quebec Anglophones."

Currently, only children from New Brunswick, Quebec, and Alberta and Quebec Anglophones and that Quebec Anglophones will be eligible to receive public language services in their own language. Before the changes, only children who had at least one parent educated in English in Quebec were eligible to attend English schools in the province.

Eric Maloff, the president of Allears Quebec, the leading English rights group in the province, called the changes totally inadequate and also charged that business will still face problems in trying to recruit staff outside Quebec without more guarantees of English schooling. Bill 57, Maloff said, demands minimum standards that allow hospitals and municipalities serving largely English populations to use English as well as French for their signs and names. Now those restrictions will no longer require all employees to be bilingual if they can also provide services in French. It also means that the predomi-

Disappointment replaced optimism when Lévesque failed to produce the promised bold new measures

cating in foreign national specialties or the specialties of a particular ethnic group." But Godin admitted that he had not yet decided if Anglophones are an ethnic minority.

The PQ did achieve one public relations coup: Quebec will now allow the children of parents educated in English elsewhere in Canada to attend English schools in the province. That mostly skirts the burden of minority education

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The PQ did achieve one public relations coup: Quebec will now allow the children of parents educated in English elsewhere in Canada to attend English schools in the province. That mostly skirts the burden of minority education

mainly anglophone. Town of Montréal Royal will now have to call itself Ville Montréal-Royal. Beginning in 1985, students who have spent at least three years in an English high school in Quebec will get a bursary; they will no longer have to pass a French test to practice a profession in the province.

The Parti Québécois' economic initiatives earlier in the week were also less dramatic than many observers had expected. Lévesque announced a wide range of programs to ensure economic recovery in the province, but he left Finance Minister Peltier to provide the costs of many projects in his mini-budget. For one thing, Lévesque promised a \$100-million renewal of the McGill University area of Montreal—including a new home for the city's symphony orchestra—but Peltier could only find \$30 million spread over the next four years for the province's grand reentry program. For their part, Quebec nationalists used to assue of North America's highest gasoline prices welcomed the four-cent-a-liter cut in gasoline without a 3.3 cents per litre.

But Peltier's budget provided little aid for the province's businesses. They had hoped for a cut in the mid-per-cent provincial sales tax or a drop in the high personal income tax. "Did we have to wait a month for this?" asked Thomas Gilligan, chairman of the Montreal Board of Trade's tax committee. "There was nothing in the budget to induce the private sector to create jobs. And the negative effects of taxation in Quebec, including high personal taxes, succession duties and sales tax, will remain." Labor was equally disappointed. "I did not exactly fall off my chair with excitement," said Gerald Laroche, president of the 170,000-member Confederation of National Trade Unions.

The PQ's poor performance on the economy provided a welcome opening for the Opposition Liberals. Party leader Robert Bourassa showed off his acrobatic skills the night after Lévesque's address with a powerful speech rebutting the government's package for dramatic improvements. "Every year is an opportunity for them, but as Bourassa believes he can convince Quebecers that the rig's proscriptiveness with independence is hurting the province. The former premier has consolidated his hold on the party since writing the leader ship-subsidy in October, and concern over recycling him in the next election is no longer an issue among the Liberals. The latest polls show that the PQ would win only a few seats if an election were held now. And last week the rot-ter's image of the PQ as a party mired with tired ideas and leaders may have hardened even more. □

The Liberals divided

One year ago lors Campagnole was the Liberal party president by promising to "review, renew and reform" the organization. Now her Liberal colleagues will have an opportunity to weigh her commitment. Last week the president's 25-member reform committee will issue a devastating analysis of the party, which has governed Canada for 19 of the past 30 years. The committee's diagnosis: the party's health is declining and will not revive without a new leader.

Committee member Alfred Apps told Maclean's last week that the report said the Liberal party is "tired, arrogant, self-serving, self-satisfied and irrelevant in some parts of the country."

This blunt assessment takes place as Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's top advisers are putting the finishing touches on the government's three speech, the package of job creation programs and legislation plans that will carry the Liberals into the next election. But the committee warned that even the most ambitious package of policy initiatives will not be enough to turn around the party's fiscal fortunes. "The collective energy that has fueled the party in the past 20 years has come to an end," said Apps.

It was Apps' entrance to the reform debate as the first place the author of the Liberal nomination a year ago led to Resolutions 66, a blistery worded document mocking the government's package for dramatic improvements. "Every year is an opportunity for them, but as Bourassa believes he can convince Quebecers that the rig's proscriptiveness with independence is hurting the province. The former premier has consolidated his hold on the party since writing the leader ship-subsidy in October, and concern over recycling him in the next election is no longer an issue among the Liberals. The latest polls show that the PQ would win only a few seats if an election were held now. And last week the rot-ter's image of the PQ as a party mired with tired ideas and leaders may have hardened even more. □

comprehensive membership list, national headquarters in serious financial trouble, fund-raising is faltering and communications with riding organizations are chaotic.

But the Liberals must first face the challenge of producing fresh policies for the upcoming throne speech. Trudeau's obtained a confidential document last week from a prominent Conservative who said it was as author of the throne speech. The government plans to offer two major election incentives—shelter allowances for low-income tenants and a "referrals" selection of job creation programs.

One such incentive would be the creation of a new Conservative Corps of young people who would replace forests, clean up rivers and tackle other environmental problems. Another would be the distribution of "buy a job coupons." The idea of job coupons was suggested by the Economic Council of Canada in its recent report to Parliament. The government advisory committee recommended that workers be allowed to accumulate job protection credits throughout their working lives. If a worker was laid off, those credits would be issued in the form of government coupons, which he or she could offer to a prospective employer. Over the working life of the new employee, would reduce the cost to the government of jobless benefits in Ottawa. "It's something out of a Canadian Tire catalogue," said one opposition MP when he heard of the plan.

For Apps, the other 20 members of the president's reform committee and a growing number of Liberals across Ontario, a much bigger and riskier option is being considered. "We want now to completely overhaul our party and allow a new party to agree to take shape," Apps told the Young Liberals of Canada at their national convention.

"That new party is out there in the bushes and under the rocks. It is like a great liberating leach, which is about to come." Imporing words from a 26-year-old visionary. Now he and the committee face the task of keeping the vision alive. —CAROL GRAY in Ottawa



Campagnole brief critique

The Prime Minister's mission

By John Hay

Pierre Trudeau's self-styled "pacifist" peace plan took him to Asia last Friday and week. The Prime Minister left Ottawa on Dec. 14, 1975, on a tour that included visits to Japan, Australia and New Delhi, where a meeting of Commonwealth leaders will try to find a common position on the Oct. 26 U.S. invasion of Grenada. But as Trudeau arrived in Tokyo for a Nov. 19 lunch with strung-willed, pro-U.S. Japanese Prime Minister Yasushi Nakasone, he seemed to have a clearer idea of why he made a last-minute decision to include Japan on his itinerary than did the Japanese officials themselves. The reason normally well-informed foreign ministry officials in Tokyo knew little about Trudeau's peace initiative: BHL Trudeau was given general encouragement for his ideas from Nakasone during a meeting lasting less than two hours. Nakasone was particularly interested in Trudeau's proposal to draw nuclear powers—including China—into global arms reduction talks.

1970 Nuclear Nonproliferation Treaty—still unsigned by several countries, including India as well, he urged cuts in conventional forces in Europe, suggesting that leaders of foreign ministries—not just diplomats—should lead the European security conference due to open in Stockholm in January. He also pressed for the abolition of "senseless" weapons and other armaments still on the superpower drawing boards.

Canada's allies here so far give only lukewarm support to Trudeau's peace initiative. US Deputy Secretary of

cessed that Grenada's interim government, was to be led by Gen. Sir Paul Scoon, must first request such a force if the Commonwealth itself is deeply involved in the Grenada crisis. Several members, including Canada and Britain, have condemned the invasion, while the Caribbean Commonwealth countries landed on the island with the Americans.

Moreover, the 28 members gathering here in Dhaka agreed on Commonwealth Secretary-General Sonny Ramphal's proposal for a security force to keep order in Grenada. Last week senior officials said that the issue is divisive that Commonwealth leaders might discuss it during a private weekend retreat in central Guyana rather than

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—
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Facebook with non-Jewish learning Children. The Japanese language is not considered a priority.

The Chinese government earlier flew to Washington as an invitee to the Western Economic conference, the U.S. government of Grenada, U.S. officials said, and that Washington did not oppose stationing a Commonwealth security force in the island after U.S. forces leave, but left

After Japan, Thailand's extended health care for people will take him from England, where the average yearly income is \$16,000, to Saudi Arabia, the Persian Gulf and Arab Emirates, Oman, Bahrain and Kuwait, where the per capita income is \$80,000 (U.S.) a year. Then, come the extremes of both poverty and wealth he will end his crusade as an international peace broker, returning to India (per capita income \$11,400-\$12,000) a year, with its many fundamentalistic problems.

Alberta's scandal over a prostitute

A rare sex scandal disturbed Alberta's usually placid political scene last week. Grahame Harle, 41, the province's solicitor general, resigned after police had earlier found him with a prostitute in a government-parked outside a hotel in Edmonton's old road district. It was only the second time in the 28-year tenure of Peter Lougheed that a member of his cabinet had resigned in disgrace and the first time a suggestion of illicit sex had tainted the administration.

Earle, a lawyer from the small town of Stettler, 180 km northeast of Calgary, became Alberta's top law enforcement officer on Sept. 30, taking over responsibility for police enforcement, provincial prisons and motor vehicles. The incident that led to his resignation began as the early morning hours of Nov. 9, when police questioned a gay man and a man using language in a white executive-model Chrysler parked outside a local hotel. The police left the scene after Earle identified himself. But less than a day later, an anonymous caller told the *Calgary Journal* about the routine check.

Harlan, a cabinet member since 1955 and still in 1957, then told a 1955 reporter that he had been conducting an unauthorised personal investigation of prostitutes central names he became minister general. "You certainly can't get firsthand information by going through several people," declared Harlan. He admitted he had not told his cabinet colleagues about his investigation, but denied that he had ever engaged in that sort with prostitutes. "Absolutely not," he said, stressing again that 1955 was the limit of his contacts with prostitutes. On the night he mentioned her, Harlan said, he had been unable to sleep because of insomnia, and had invited the woman into

In car thinking she was looking for a ride. He realized she was a prostitute only when she began talking.

Leighard, who later named Attorneys General Neil Crawford to take over Harle's duties, and belief in Harle's account of the incident was not an issue. After open reflection, felt the circumstances had obviously affected his commanding credibility as solicitor general of the province and offered his resignation. "Leighard said, "I recommended with a reservation."

Peter Goss is Edmiston.

Former magistrate Michael Gordon Minnity & the council in 2010 after he agreed that a new specialist ward not costing £140,000 per year he had proposed collecting under the current health care insurance plan.



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British Columbia takes account

Both sides made the most of their gains last week as British Columbia recovered from the largest slowdown in the province's history—a 13-day strike by 30,000 public sector workers. Premier William Bennett dropped his酝酿的 stance, but continued to emphasize that he got

For the first time in 15 years, the government's tough recruitment programs was not met, despite the Nov. 12 deal that ended the strike. As well, the government is still planning to cut 10,000 jobs from its 40,000-member civil service.

to the end, the government agreed to take security into account when laying off and retiring Stan Ray Haynes, the former president of the IBC Federation.

In return, the unions gave up a no-self guarantee for government contracts with more than three years remaining.

The strike ended when the B.C. Government Employees' Union (BGEU) accepted a new two-year contract after days of intense bargaining. The government will place many layoffs, but BGEU union activists insisted that the local frings will now have their jobs protected under the new rules. Elsewhere, the other public sector unions accepted, with some reluctance from

—THE UNITED PRESS

She resists that she is "so small, too dark and too curly-haired," but *Meet Me in St. Louis* model-actress Debra Haden appears regularly at the events of high-fashion parties and represents such Paris institutions as Yves Saint Laurent and Dior. Now she is in Canada, making her first film at home since *Paperback Hero* in 1973, and Haden wants to downplay her cover girl image. "Models aren't taken seriously," she said during the shooting of the Robert Lepage and Stephen J. Rife thriller *Bedroom Eyes*. Haden, who plays a psychiatrist, is pleased that, for this film at least, she has been able to avoid typecasting. "I do not want to play a pretty object in a movie," she says. "I do not want my co-workers will never suspect. The guide is already a runaway success; even francophones are known to have copies," says Kalina. "It's a sign that things have become more amicable, that people are ready to laugh."

On May 1, 1983, Antonio Baldacci, a 60-year-old Montreal man, shot himself at Dorval Airport. A case note was found in his pocket explaining that he had been transferred to Scarborough, Ont. Mr. Baldacci did not want to go. *Joey Freed and Jon Kalina's Angle Guide to Survival in Quebec* is dedicated to the hapless Baldacci and other Montreal-loving Anglophones

in the Canadian city. His preface to the book was anything but orderly. Two swinging cars trashed in his wake. The players: a newly appointed press secretary, *Chantal Maltais*, and a TVA bus crew in a car driven by reporter *Tac Lewis*. Mafly and Lewis seemed to have these jumpy tales crammed as they vied to position themselves close to the Conservative leader. Lewis to take a picture and Mafly, apparently, to appear in it. Lewis arranged early in September to film Mulroney's first day, but Mafly was not aware of the later arrangement made with Mulroney and his chauffeur. When Lewis pulled up to pass Mulroney and his bus from a new angle, Mafly, thinking her bus pulled in the first to step into Mulroney's chauffeur, started at the door handle, sped away. When Lewis caught up with the bus and pulled ahead for another try, he slowed down...and Mafly got into his. She later claimed, "I just knew that back of them men to tell them 'go get'

Freed and Kalina, part of the group that opted out of the migration, survived which peaked with the introduction of Bill 103 in 1977, offer some advice. If, they say, you have to transact some business in English, carry a portable phone and work from the bathroom—



Freed and Kalina, part of the group that opted out of the migration, survived which peaked with the introduction of Bill 103 in 1977, offer some advice. If, they say, you have to transact some business in English, carry a portable phone and work from the bathroom—



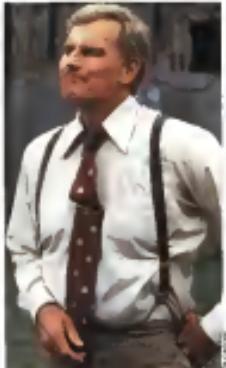
Madeleine Kalina and Freed: the "hurricane" approach to best

Why has the debate not become public sooner? said Louis-Joseph, the story of Canada. Who was a French station. It was well-known among the transphones.

Last week screen beauties *Debra Haden*, 37, and *Charlotte Hazeon*, 33, both visited Canada, but for very different reasons. Douglas was promoting her latest film, the Canadian-produced western *Diesel Hazeon*, while enjoying the spotlight for her role in the CBS mini-series *Clash*; had another reason, preaching a diametrically opposite brand of anti-Soviet rhetoric at a fund-raising dinner for Tory provincial backbencher *Merle Strickland*.

Hazeon did manage to brighten the tone of the evening slightly with an anecdote about her old friend Douglas, who was stopped on the street by someone who claimed to admire his performance in *One Star*, for which Hazeon won an Oscar. Douglas, who did not appear in the film, tried to set the record straight: "Well," said his uninvited would-be fan, "if you're not *Merle Strickland*, then who the hell are you?" □

Madeleine Kalina and Freed: the "hurricane" approach to best



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Unloading missiles at Greenham: police wrestling demonstrators on the eve of deployment, the hard bargaining began

WORLD

The missile threshold

By Michael Posner

THE air of crisis was all too familiar. "In all arms control talks," a senior Soviet negotiator once remarked, "one-third of the work is accomplished in the first few weeks, one-third in the next few months, and the final third in the last few minutes." The last few symbolic minutes of the U.S.-Soviet intermediate nuclear weapons talks in Geneva may have begun last week. Shortly after 9 a.m. on Nov. 14, a U.S. Air Force C-141 Starlifter landed at England's Greenham Common, a US military base 96 km west of London. Its contentious cargo: eight white, ground-launched cruise missiles with 18 inch-long nuclear warheads—the first of 572 intermediate-range weapons that NATO has pledged to deploy over the next five years.

The arrival of the missiles sparked a wave of protest in Britain. But it did not immediately disrupt the Geneva talks. A session at the U.S. Embassy broke up after only 45 minutes—a move widely regarded as a signal of Moscow's impatience. Two days later U.S. and Soviet negotiators conducted a regular two-hour meeting and scheduled a further conference for Nov. 22. Still, many analysts believe that

the Soviets may then stage a formal walkout. They have said repeatedly that they will break off the talks when NATO begins deployment of 464 cruise and 108 Pershing II missiles. Last week both the European Parliament and Italy's Chamber of Deputies voted to proceed with installation. This week the West German government is expected to give its final approval—after a historic and

highly charged debate in the Bundestag. For his part, chief U.S. negotiator Paul Nitze, 73, formally tabled a new U.S. offer last week in a multi-day embassy conference room overlooking Lake Geneva and the Alps. Washington proposed a global limit of 140 intermediate-range missiles, with a maximum of 600 warheads. Current U.S. estimates put the Soviet arsenal at 360-380, each carrying a triple warhead. Moscow has agreed to reductions, but only in the European theatre. Another 117 missiles are targeted on China, South Korea and Japan.

The Soviet willingness to cut its European force is conditional upon NATO's abandonment of its deployment plan. Until now, Moscow contended, the 38-308 were already offset by nuclear-capable missiles and bombers belonging to France and Great Britain. But last week Moscow informally signalled, for the first time, that those independent forces could be considered in another act of arms control talks. And if NATO agrees to large deployment, the Soviets appear to cut the 38-308 agreement on Europe to 180. The White House quickly responded that the new Soviet proposal was unfair. It would preserve the Kremlin's monopoly in Europe by a sign of real progress.



viet Defense Minister Marshal Duzan Ustaszewski denied that the Soviets had proposed the concessions. NATO and U.S. officials assured Moscow that the offer had been made. On the eve of NATO's deployment, it was clear that the hard bargaining had begun.

Diplomatic observers say that progress on peripheral issues—the number of nuclear-capable bombers, for one—has been made. As well, the two delegations continue to meet socially at diplomatic receptions and restaurants. But at week's end it was still not clear whether the subtle signs of even minimal progress are genuine or whether they merely provide the groundwork for finger-pointing on both sides when the talk ends. The consensus in Washington is that the Soviets will complete the current round of talks, but leave the outcome of negotiations after Christmas in doubt. Said a senior state department official last week: "The Soviets want the maximum degree of ambiguity but they do not want to take responsibility for the collapse."

Still, such optimism failed to sitay West Europeans' anxiety. Germany's anti-nuclear movement threatened to besiege the Bundestag during this week's final debate. And opposition parties will demand a veto on the use of German-based nuclear weapons. Says Social Democrat Mr. Karsten Voegel: "Germany does not want the finger on the nuclear trigger, but it would appropriate us on the safety catch." In Britain, church and lay groups led by Defense Minister Michael Heseltine's announcement in Parliament that the first cruise missiles had arrived. And at Greenham Common, scores of anti-nuclear demonstrators were arrested, but they vowed to carry on their 40-month effort to stop the 38-308s. Another 117 missiles are targeted on China, South Korea and Japan.

The mounting tensions coincided with the 50th anniversary of the establishment of U.S.-Soviet diplomatic relations. Canada did not establish formal relations with the Soviets until 1945. At a reception in Washington, Soviet Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin bemoaned the "peculiar nature" of superpower relations. Still, the megaphone broadcasts regularly issued from the White House and the Kremlin see far more mutual in Geneva. Diplomats say that Nitze and his Soviet counterpart Vali Kvitkovsky have an amiable working relationship. If the arms talks should collapse, the two men will part with a cordial handshake—not a shattered door. But that was little comfort to those anxiously hoping for a sign of real progress.

With Ian Akster in Geneva, Carol Kennedy in London and correspondents' reports

CYPRESS

A born-again blood feud

For months, Turkish-Cypriot leader Rauf Denktash warned

that he would declare the Turkish-settled zone of Cyprus as independent state. He expressed increasing impatience over the lack of progress in talks aimed at enhancing Turkish status as the divided island's Greek partners in the Cyprus government, led by President Spyros Kyprianou. He was aware of his plan, but they did not expect Denktash to act on them. Then, last week, in a move that took even his Turkish backers by surprise, Denktash turned out his threat. With unanimous support from the island's Turkish-

that the Turkish independence action was illegal. Only Palestinians voted against it. But Denktash remained defiant.

"What do I care if the whole world, ignorant of what is happening, tells the Greek Cypriots that they are the legitimate government? I do not recognize them; my people do not recognize them," he said.

In Canada, which has 2,000 nationals on the island, including a 500-strong peacekeeping force, External Affairs Minister Allan MacEachen also voiced his concern. Said MacEachen: "The government deeply respects the decision Canada recognises only one Cypriot



Denktash after the declaration: no serious amendment to a solution

Cypriot Legislative Assembly, he announced the establishment of the Turkish Republic of Northern Cyprus. Said Denktash: "We have realized that [the Greeks] have no intention of granting us equal partnership. Independence is the only way."

The declaration raised an immediate international storm. Ankara quickly recognized Denktash's domain and recognized the new state. But governments elsewhere firmly opposed the declaration. Britain—with, with Turkey and Greece, one of the original generators of the island's 1960 treaty of independence—dashed a draft resolution, later adopted by the UN Security Council, calling for a withdrawal of the de facto and trying member states to withdraw recognition. The resolution said

state, the Republic of Cyprus. We have no place to receive the self-proclaimed new state."

That brought an angry response from Denktash, who said he had decided about the continued presence of occupying troops from three countries. His Canada while opposed MacEachen. But MacEachen's criticism was echoed in Washington. Indeed, Turkey was absent on the international community's working Delegation. In Greece, President Constantine Karolos Milios pledged that "Hellenism will face the new Turkish provocation united." For Cyprus, Kyprianou, who flew to London before journeying to the UN to make a forceful complaint, said it was "inconceivable that what happened should go unpunished."

Kyprianou explicitly ruled outesse

as a solution, causing fears in Greece of a threat to the safety of Canadians and other foreigners on the island. But Greek Cypriots staged a one-hour general protest strike, closing government offices as well as shops and public transport. In Nicosia groups of Indian Cypriots gathered at every point south of the Green Line, which divides the Turkish and Greek communities. Still, their reactions were muted. Greek-Cypriot students, who marched to the presidential palace, obeyed calls for calm from Kyriakou, and neither Athens nor Ankara threatened to intervene. Said Greek tank driver Nicos Argyros: "When dawn passed without the scream of jet fighters, I breathed a sigh of relief and had a late breakfast."

Indeed, Daskalakis' dramatic independence proclamation appeared to alter the existing situation on the island very little. Greek and Turkish Cypriots have been separated since the 1974 invasion of the northern sector of the island by mainland Turkish troops.

Since the invasion, the two communities have negotiated sporadically over a power-sharing agreement that would permit reunification. But, in fact, both sides have strong reasons for maintaining the current arrangement. As a result of the Turkish invasion, the Greek-Cypriot economy lost 70 per cent of its economic output. But since then the

Greeks have recovered spectacularly, restoring their living standards and rehousing the 200,000 Greek Cypriots who fled the Turkish-occupied zone. Greek Cypriots now enjoy virtually full employment and an inflation rate of less than one per cent. Turkish Cypriots have lived less well, depending heavily as aid from Ankara. But the Turkish occupation left them in control of 65 per cent of the island's thriving tourist industry. It has also given Turkish-Cypriot leaders, formerly unable to compete with their Greek-Cypriot counterparts, a protected base from which to operate.

Just before Daskalakis made his dramatic move, US Secretary of State George P. Shultz unveiled a new diplomatic initiative. The six proposals, which call for the establishment of a two-zone federation with either a royal presidency or a Greek-Cypriot president and a Turkish-Cypriot vice-president, had been accepted by the government of President Kyriakou. But they were rejected by Daskalakis. Instead, he called for a system that would make the two leaders appear as equals.

Daskalakis' declaration seems to have postponed the de Gaulle proposal. Still, Daskalakis was careful not to close the door completely. The independence proclamation "extended the Turkish-Cypriot hand in peace and friendship."

to the Greek-Cypriot people. The document also sought to allay fears of a link between northern Cyprus and Turkey. It promised that the new republic "will not unite with any other state." Not only that, but Daskalakis claimed that the new state's existence would "facilitate the establishment of a genuine federation."

Bari al world's end that seemed unlikely, Kyriakou vowed that there would be no further settlement talks until Turkish-Cypriot leaders withdrew their declaration. As well, Daskalakis' move led to a sharp international reappraisal of the existing state of relations between the two communities and what should be done to bring division Canada's MacEachern, for one, noted that the presence of the peacekeeping force "had prevented a recurrence of inter-communal fighting." But he added that he will encourage Canadian participation in the peacekeeping force said MacEachern: "Until the parties themselves are prepared to make a serious commitment to negotiations, no lasting settlement can be found." And the international consensus seemed to be that Daskalakis' unilateral move made it clear that such a commitment yet exists—or is likely to develop in the future.

—MICHAEL SEAFARER in Athens, with Andrew Bartram in Nicosia

THE UNITED STATES

Lifting a long, dark shadow

She was a pretty, 25-year-old woman, recovering from a fatal brain tumor and an illegitimate child, whom he had never seen. He was a singing bartender in the Cosmopolitan, a white Soxings Tavern, with a promising future and a fading marriage of less than two years. The unlikely romance of Glady Post and Duke Sidois, who met there in 1965, was destined to follow a tragic course of drunken disputes, beatings and, finally, alienation by Sidois that Glady had never seen. Then last week, a New Orleans court lifted the cloud that had shadowed Post for six years, through investigations in those states and two extradition orders, the last of which preceded her trial. The Louisiana jury, after only two hours of deliberation, acquitted Post of the 1965 murder of Argentine businessman Moses Chapo, a crime which Sidois, 35, himself twice committed of manslaughter, had accused her of helping him to commit. Sidois a relieved Post as she was being hanged and kissed by well-wishers. "I had been a white, middle-class man [in similar circumstances] I would not have been prosecuted."

The verdict followed an eight-day

trial in which the parties of the couple's life together compared with the most bizarre or sensational of Chicago stories for public interest. Now serving a prison sentence in Nevada for another slaying, Sidois testified under oath that he and Post had conspired to rob an unassuming tour from the French Quarter in New Orleans. According to Sidois,

It was essentially a test of credibility: the word of a convicted killer against that of a victimized woman

Post drove Chapo to a secluded spot, where, during a struggle, Post killed the Argentine with a fire iron. She claimed they stole \$1,400 that Chapo had intended to use to pay for hospital treatment for his sick child.

Post, 42, a former president of the National Organization for Women's California chapter, presented the jury with a strikingly different version of

the events. During 36 hours on the witness stand, she testified that she never met Chapo but had fed to California at Sidois' urging after he awakened her on the night of the murder and told her that he had elected "because important" to cards. At first, they were happy to 1967, when they brought him to Terrene, the No. Regatta, and rented an apartment overlooking a golf course. "Everyone I had worked for," said Post, "the successful business, the house, the marriage, everything was coming true." But when business declined, Sidois reverted to his foray back east, terrorizing Post with lurid tales of men and women he had murdered and sexually mutilated.

Post said that she felt her first sense of freedom in 1968, when Sidois was convicted of manslaughter and imprisoned. In 1970, despite his threats to kill her or see her "out in jail," they were divorced, and Post began a rapid rise through the ranks of California's feminist organizations. The double charge resulting from the 1965 case only surfaced in 1977 after Sidois demanded that that staying—and a second robbery-killing in Nevada last week's trial was essentially a test of credibility: getting a convicted manslaughterer's word against that of an apparently victimized woman. It was not, in the end, much of a contest.

—MICHAEL FISHER in Washington



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The guerrillas tighten the ring

On June 20 the United States launched a \$15-million offensive pacification program in El Salvador's San Vicente province. Washington designed the project to encourage local farmers to renounce areas from which they have been driven by civil war. Earlier that month MacLean's correspondent Paul Atkinson went to San Vicente to examine the effects of "Operation Wellington." His report:

At first glance, it appeared to be the kind of situation that U.S. military planners have long dreamed of: creating government officials restricting life to a war-torn town

for a second time and held the guerrillas under siege for 12 hours.

The attack demonstrated the growing effectiveness of the Farabundo Martí National Liberation Front (FMLN) and confirmed the fears of U.S. advisers. "The initiative has clearly passed to the guerrillas," said a military observer who asked not to be identified. He claimed that Washington is becoming preoccupied by the possibility that the FMLN might destroy the San Vicente operation, which was described by U.S. advisers at its launch as the "last hope for El Salvador."

Since then, the White House has not



Escorting an army column is a major setback to Washington's strategy

while the army ejects left-wing guerrillas from the area. "Electricity will be back on soon," writes Atkinson, "and, I understand, the government is sending just 1,000 troops to the departmental capital, San Lorenzo, to keep a spectacular panorama." General Jorge Poza, a party leader of public relations, who is president of a congressional reservation and committee of San Lorenzo, 70 km east of the capital of San Salvador.

The strategy did indeed return the next day to find the guerrillas. While a 1,000-strong army force moved toward the San Pedro hills to the north, 300 guerrillas slipped into the town and occupied it. The government troops appeared to have some difficulty of mustering. Then, the guerrillas struck

managed to achieve either of its goals: the clearance of guerrillas from the province and the recruitment of 35,000 demobilized displaced people—almost a quarter of the total population of San Vicente—on abandoned farmlands. The optimism generated by a summer of relative tranquillity has been replaced by a sense of futility. It now appears that the guerrillas reacted to the increased government military activity by taking a rest and finding ways to combat the new strategy. The deterioration in El Salvador is a major setback to Washington's strategy in Central America, just as the Reagan administration's policies appear to have some difficulty of succeeding. The successful low-

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LEBANON

Arafat struggles to defer the end

It was an ignominious finale to months of intense warfare between the Palestine Liberation Organization. First, rebel guerrillas toured the Bedouin Palestinian refugee camp outside the northern Lebanese port of Tripoli, using loudspeakers to announce that they had defeated forces loyal to PLO chairman Yasser Arafat. Then the rebels poured as many as 50 artillery rounds a minute onto Arafat's retreating legions from the outskirts of the port. Said Ahmad Ghazi, leader of one of the rebel groups: "The battle has ended, and so has Arafat. He has only to present himself to the revolutionary uprising and the PLO for punishment."

Arafat's surrounded and outnumbered forces still managed to stage a succession of counterattacks. But they proved ineffective, and the arrival of the end of his stay in Lebanon was clearly near.

At the same time, in successive days Israeli fighters and French Super Etendard fighter-bombers bombed bases occupied by Shabiha Moslem leader Hassan Nasrallah's militant Islamic Army guerrillas in eastern Lebanon, killing more than a dozen people and wounding 21. Washington and Paris blame Nasrallah's forces for the Oct. 22 Beirut bombings, which killed some Americans and French servicemen.

Arafat, who was hospitalized last week, was quoted as saying his air strike was intended to prevent "foul terrorist actions." But hours later rockets were fired on a French army post at Bir Zeit, and Sheik Subhi Tufaili, leader of the Islamic Revolutionary Guard contingent in Lebanon and a friend of Nasrallah, pledged revenge during a funeral for victims of the Israeli raid. "We shall strike deep at America, Israel and the [Lebanese Christian] Phalange," he declared.

For Arafat's part, he had to choose between leaving Lebanon entirely or making a probably fatal last stand in the streets of Tripoli. With 365 civilians already dead and 1,572 injured in the fighting, local leaders were urging him to abandon the country quickly. Late last week the PLO leader called a general congress of his Fatah faction to discuss his future, arguing that having elected him leader his critics should respect his democratic right. But Ghazi pledged that the rebels would "destroy every place he may seek to shelter in." Indeed, the PLO leader was no longer a negotiator to set any conditions for his future. His opponents will decide for him.

—ROBERT WRIGHT in Beirut.

Publishers' Choice



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Transmission-cable facilities at Alcan. The upturn in profits has begun to disappear as the recovery falters

BUSINESS/ECONOMY

Winning a fight for corporate survival

By James Fleming

It is a trend that has plagued corporate leaders across the country. Eleven months after the low point of the recession, corporate profits are rebounding. Economists expect that after-tax profits of Canadian corporations will increase by 45 to 55 per cent this year, after dipping to a five-year low in 1982. That upturn has occurred too late for the 10,000 firms that went bankrupt in 1982 and does not apply to such key industries as steel and mining. But the trend does resolve that many Canadian corporations are recovering after months of fighting for survival.

Recently, a series of earnings reports and profit surveys have confirmed the improvement. According to a Financial Post survey of 100 companies, after-tax income for the first was up 11.8 per cent at the end of the third quarter from a year earlier, although experts expect that gain will slow considerably by year-end—and in 1984. Among the star performers in the third quarter: Alcan Aluminum Ltd., which made \$27 million (U.S.) after losing \$15 million in the same period last year; Ford Canada Ltd., which improved its profits by about 4,000 per cent

from last year to \$48.3 million; and the National Bank of Canada, which led the banks with a 565-per-cent increase in earnings.

So far, the upturn in profits has been as fragile as the economic recovery itself, affecting some sectors but not others. To a large extent, the firms that have

turned the corner to profitability have done so as a result of drastic cost-cutting, massive asset写-offs and payroll-slashing induced by the recession. But many have also benefited from the consumer spending spree which fuelled the initial stages of the economic recovery. Auto sales helped shore up 14 per cent in the nine months ending in September, over the same period last year. As well, government programs which boosted housing starts earlier in the year in turn sparked increased furniture and major appliance sales. The Canadian Appliance Manufacturers Association estimates that appliance sales will be up by 400,000 units from last year's sales level of 2.2 million—an 18-per-cent increase.

For the most part, manufacturers were also helped by consumers who resumed spending. A leader in the group was Toronto-based Dylex Ltd., parent of a host of apparel chains, which was not only profitable in 1982 but boosted its income to \$4.3 million in the third quarter, up 667 per cent from a year earlier. Sobe, Sobe continued to plague such major retailers as The Hudson's Bay Co. and Consumers Distributing Ltd.

For banks, the profit results were also robust for the third quarter. Most showed an im-

provement over last year, but the pattern of four, including the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce and the Toronto Dominion Bank, declined. One factor damping bank profits, said Frank Hynes, an economist with Toronto-based investment firm, MacLeod Young West, was a backlog in corporate loans, which shrank by \$11 billion, from \$112 billion at the same time last year.

Hynes also emphasized that the overall upturn in corporate profits must be put into perspective. At the end of the second quarter, he said, profits reached an annualized rate of \$51 billion. Still, he added, that is 16 per cent below the \$47.5-billion profit level of 1980. As well, he said, when a 50-per-cent increase in prices since 1980 is taken into account, current profits are 45 per cent below the 1980 level in real terms. Using another measure, the ratio of total profits to GNP, Hynes points out that profits represented 8.1 per cent of the GNP in the second quarter, an improvement from 5.9 per cent in 1982 which was a 50-year low. By comparison, he said, the normal ratio is about 16.4 per cent, a level he predicts will not be reached until 1985-1986.

Like Hynes, most analysts have lowered their earnings forecasts for 1983 and 1984. The main reason is that it is the stagnant state of commodity prices

which are the root. And a turnaround is not likely in the near future. Smaller autowheels and houses combined with competition from metal substitutes like plastic and Third World mining operations may permanently keep demand for Canadian zinc exports well below past levels. Still, some resource companies have benefited from the recovery. So far, buoyed auto parts have bought zinc and aluminum prices, as well as the profits of firms that produce them. At the same time, Dofasco Inc. was the only integrated steel company to remain profitable. The main reason: It produces flat-rolled steel products used in autos and appliances. forestry companies too were pulled out of the red in the first half of the year because of an upturn in housing starts and higher prices. Thus, starting in August, demand for lumber slumped as housing rates fell off. But now prices have recovered, and forestry firms believe that the worst is over.

But these cases are exceptions in the foundering resource sector. The news-

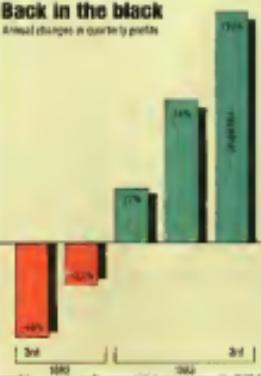
paper industry is stagnate, operating at 80-per-cent capacity, and the demand for most metals from copper to nickel is not expected to improve next year. The key to recovery for the mining and steel companies, says Gaudens Upman's Wood Gandy analysis, "is increased capital spending by other industries." Indeed, for the past year corporations have been too busy reorganizing their debt-laden balance sheets to worry about spending money on new plants and machinery.

That is clear from the rash of new equity issues designed to raise cash to pay off long-term and floating rate debts. Executives say that business investment will not strengthen until late 1984 and 1985.

Swart predicts that it will increase by a modest 3.4 per cent in 1984 and 8.1 per cent in 1985. But as exports account spending is also the key to the recovery as a whole. Said Edward Neufeld, chief economist at the Royal Bank: "It is not possible to have a sustained recovery without an increase in business capital spending." □

Back in the black

Annual changes in quarterly profits





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Raising the ante in aerospace

For Industry Minister Edward Lister, the aerospace industry is a potential bright spot in Canada's economic future. To that end, he announced recently that Ottawa has signed an agreement with Bell Helicopter Textron Inc. of Fort Worth, Tex., to build helicopters in Canada for the first time. But as the government worked out the final details in the official contract last week, it remained unclear whether or not Ottawa's latest venture into the aerospace trade will be a success.

Canada's attempt to keep the aerospace industry alive has a spotty record. Ottawa paid out hundreds of millions of dollars in the mid-1970s to acquire de Havilland Aircraft of Canada Ltd. and Canadair Ltd. of Montreal from their foreign parents. Since then, both firms have suffered financial losses. Canadair faltered when its Challenger executive jet program—initially at least—to be a financial and commercial abysm. Now, Ottawa is apparently turning back the clock by injecting large amounts of government money into private, foreign-owned enterprises, its practice before the de Havilland



Bell plans to team job commitments may not be "worth too much"

and Canadian purchases.

Under the terms of last month's deal, Bell Helicopter will develop and market three models of light, twin-engine helicopters at a plant near Mirabel Airport outside Montreal. The governments of Canada and Quebec will jointly contribute \$375 million over the next five years to the Bobtail/Helicopter project. (The government also announced plans to contribute \$466 million over the next 10 years toward research and development costs for Pratt & Whitney Canada Inc.

of Montreal, a U.S.-owned firm which will make engines for two of Bell Helicopter's three models and which is one of the most successful Canadian aerospace firms.) The governments estimate that the Bell Helicopter project will create roughly 2,000 permanent jobs over a 20-year period, but there are no specific employment guarantees in the agreements with Bell. In fact, the arrangement requires only that the multi-national giant, which last year had sales of nearly \$1 billion and whose in-



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the largest U.S. helicopter manufacturer. "By its best in aviation employment levels," according to Raj Dayal, senior project officer in the government's aerospace branch. Dayal said that the job estimates are calculated on the basis of conservative growth estimates for the fast-growing, twin-engine light helicopter market. But he added that, if the market proves to be less than buoyant, the job commitments "are not worth too much."

Without solid job guarantees, some critics contend that the deal may eat into Canada's best aerospace assets. Myron Gordon, a professor of finance at the University of Toronto's faculty of management studies, and other Canadians are taking the largest risk in the deal. "It seems that the government is bearing a very, very disproportionate share of the investment and the risk," he added. Gordon's concerns arise from the fact that Canada is putting up 85 per cent of the \$466-million initial development funds—money which in anyone's eyes is the most exposed. For one thing, Ottawa might recover its money, then discover that preparations for the helicopter market were inefficient and that the company might exit its hiring.

Ottawa also has dreams of a second helicopter plant, this one in Ontario, but talks with foreign manufacturers are only in the preliminary stages. The federal fascination with helicopters is not just an attraction to the romance of flight. Canada's fleet of civilian helicopters is the second-largest in the world and projected to quadruple over the next 20 years. The goal of the Mirabel plant is the construction of light, twin-engine helicopters that are faster and more efficient than the current models. They will be sold for civilian uses such as servicing offshore drilling rigs. When the company develops the technology—which it will use for the three helicopter models to be built in Canada—it will become the property of its Canadian subsidiary. That means that the U.S. parent firm will not be allowed to produce helicopters that compete with its subsidiary's products. But Dayal said that the parent company could negotiate with its subsidiary to use the technology to develop another type of helicopter which would not compete directly with the three Canadian-made models.

Federal officials stress that Canada could recover all of its investment in any of the helicopter models prove popular, through a two-per-cent royalty on all sales after Jan. 1, 1990. Still, Gordon is concerned that estimates of market demand may be inflated. But that is a calculated gamble which the government appears willing to take in its quest to create more jobs.

—LINDA MCGUIGAN in Toronto

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Engineering a unique success

By Peter C. Newman

Your standard corporate tableau it's not.

Bernard Lamarre, the energetic French Canadian who heads this country's largest engineering firm, sits before a giant canvas by Guy Montpetit called "The Dice Machine," humorously explaining how much has it was drilling 7,000 villages with an Africa's Ivory Coast. He then repulses himself by proclaiming that, as a typical Canadian doing business in the Third World, he never hands out any bribes without demanding a "bit" in return. "We make," he says, "and pay our taxes, always in the form of a donation and power cuts, so we can claim it is our revenue. Of course, we have an advantage over the Americans—they're forbidden by law to pay any agreeable compensation."

The head of a private and largely unknown Montreal company named Lavalin Inc., Lamarre is an internationally minded engineer. He has spun a once-family enterprise into a world-leading conglomerate with 30 divisions. Lavalin is currently working on projects worth \$3 billion in 50 countries.

An interview, who has mastered the actor's repertoire of gesture and body language, Lamarre revels in the role of self-made tycoon. A federalist, he considers his citizenship a plus on his personal balance sheet. "It's a big asset to be a Canadian," he says. "When doing business in Africa, for example, we speak both main languages and are masters of North American technology—but we don't have any colonial past to live down. Nobody is afraid of us. We export know-how, not a way of life."

Lamarre and three partners (his brother Jeanne, Marcel Dufour and Armand Couture) own Lavalin, which last year collected engineering fees of \$369 million and completed another \$350 million in construction contracts. But it is Lamarre himself who runs everything. At the company's annual awards reception for Montreal's industrial elite, guests are greeted by a reverent line of one-on-one Lamarre.

His sprawling firm employs 5,000 professionals and technicians working out of 28 Canadian offices (in places as small as Bathurst, N.B., and Brandon, Man.) and a dozen permanent locations abroad, including France, Algeria, Nigeria and Indonesia. Most international jobs are started either by the

World Bank or the Export Development Corp, so that getting paid isn't a problem. Lavalin specializes in something called transnational studies and places, which in this context means the basic infrastructure needed to turn jungle into arable land so that Third World citizens can be moved out of crowded poor areas.

Lamarre's empire has grown largely through takeovers and now includes such once-independent giants as Warner Hersey, Shawinigan Engi-

neering, "We have a strong international reputation as great builders, particularly for being more efficient than anyone else in the field. It's probably because Canada itself is still in the building process—until the United States and Western Europe, which experienced their main construction waves a long time ago."

Various Lavalin subsidiaries are currently constructing the Peñuelas aluminum smelter in Quebec, building an operating facility for heavy oil for Petro-Canada in Montreal, designing the world's largest vertical monolithic furnace for Hydro-Québec, and replacing an electrical substation at the foot of Mount Kilimanjaro in Tanzania, and planning major water projects in Argentina and Peru. The most unusual structure built by the company was a massive free-standing cement tower erected to celebrate the 30th anniversary of Algerian independence.

As well as doing the actual construction and engineering, other Lavalin companies carry out economic, social and environmental studies that estimate the effects of completed projects. Lavalin's interests range from biotechnology, software graphics and ice engineering to the redesign of municipal sewage systems and the planning of new harbors.

An art collector of international repute (and currently chairman of the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts), Lamarre puts aside one-quarter of one per cent of the entire budget of Lavalin to purchase the works of living Canadian painters. As well as the Maitland canvas, the hangings in his boardroom include a magnificent Rapelle, a Jack Bush and experimental works by Claude Tousignant and Fernand Tousignant.

Lamarre spends much of his time on the road but claims he is always happy to get back to Montreal. "This is an optimum about this place," he says. "We will have to change a lot and adapt our policies to modern realities. We have lost most of our old offices, but I still think we have a very good chance of becoming an international entity. We have had to find our true vocation. Boston is a university town. Baltimore has its harbor. We could be the service centre of Canada, but we will first have to become a lot more cohesive. It's true that we have been bleeding, but we can fix our wounds and get back into the mainstream. It's not a question of years, but a generation or two."



However amazing opportunities await

and the Canadian arm of Philip Morris Ltd. Among the newest ventures is a majority interest in the engineering arm of Lafarge Cogges, a giant French-Belgian cement complex. There's also a joint venture with Soles Goss Systems of Houston to produce automated subsurface oil-drilling vessels. The company is operated as a amalgamation of nearly four dozen profit centres, all reporting ultimately to Lamarre.

"There are amazing opportunities for Canadian engineering firms abroad,



The end of a decade of excellence

The Canadian Football League has a new look for this year's Grey Cup week. For the first time in seven years, and only the second time in a decade, the Edmonton Eskimos will not be playing in the national championship game. One of the great dynasties in Canadian sports history has finally come to an end. The team record marks the glory years of the Montreal Canadiens, who dominated the National Hockey League in the 1960s and 1970s. The Eskimos added six titles in nine Grey Cup appearances, with the last five consecutive. But that record came to an humiliating 42-42 defeat last to the Winnipeg Blue Bombers last week.

The players gathered at the Eskimos' spring training camp in 1993 were a motley crew of football vagabonds and rejects. They looked out of place in the green and gold that Johnny Bright, Normie Kwasig and Jackie Parker had worn so proudly in the 1980s. But from that group, coach Ray Jausch, later Hugh Campbell, fashioned a powerhouse of a culture the league may never see again.

The Eskimos of the 1990s were built around a most unlikely hero—a pot-bellied sheep farmer who had been cast from the Toronto Argonauts to the British Columbia Lions before landing in northern Alberta. "We had a ragtag bunch of rejects, rats and trades who knew they were on their last chance," says the now-retired Tom Wilkinson. "Every player in our offensive line had been cut or traded. But that kind of atmosphere did a lot to generate what they call team spirit." That spirit was fuelled, too, by winning. Wilkinson, the partly quarterback, led the Eskimos to second place in the West in 1972, and the reign of terror began.

The Eskimos won the West the next three years as the cast of characters around Wilkinson emerged as stars. Mike Carter, Dale Carter, regularly broke CFL scoring records. At the same time, Wilkinson was throwing to receivers like George McGowen, who won the league's top passing award in 1976. Defence back Larry Highbaugh spearheaded a ferocious front for the league's Hall of Fame, and the defensive line earned its nickname—"Albion Grid." The Eskimos lost two Grey Cup games under Jausch, but slowly the shake-up in the dynasty was felt, and they were those first automatic losses since 1986 in 1997.

The management Fred Jausch after

Eskimos lost the 1996 western final, and Hugh Campbell, a former all-star receiver with the Saskatchewan Roughriders, took over. The soft-spoken, wryly humorous coach, with executive manager Norm Kinsella, converted the team's grip on the West and the city's grip on its stars. "We don't build in problems," Kinsella said. "We do not want any disgruntled, chittered people here." As the Eskimos marched through the 1990s and into the 1990s,

to 1993, the Eskimos were the scourge of the league, winning 70 and losing just 30 regular season games.

But the end began after last year's Grey Cup victory over Toronto, when Wilkinson retired and coach Campbell took a job with the United States football League. Fred Kettola replaced him. He had no CFL experience, and faced a steep climb through the lower Mass went public with his demotion over Kettola's new offence, transmitter



Moon after playoff loss: from a ragtag bunch to five straight Grey Cup victories

winning the West six times and the Cup five times in a row. The only disappointment was in the '97's other eight contests, the disastrous only among Edmontonians. In 1995, after the team's second-ever loss in ten-year-old Commonwealth Stadium, Campbell said, "Our fans were watching the game like they were watching a play at the theatre. They have actually cheered the our opponents, hoping for a close game." With the addition in 1998 of quarterback Warren Moon and receivers Tos Sosniak and Bruce Kelly to complement defensive superstars Dave Pennell, Dan Kenney and company, there were even fewer close games. In the six years from 1997

around and miffed each other in newspaper interviews. Management replacement Kettola at midseason and hired Jackie Parker, the brightest hero of the 1980s Grey Cup championships. It was late Moon, playing out his option, complained of overwork, and the club faltered in an eight-win, eight-loss regular season. He went since 1992. And with 17 players 30 or older and Moon possibly heading to the National Football League or the USFL, the Eskimos could find themselves where their rivals have been for 30 years—rebuilding. While it lasted, the Eskimos dynasty was the most glorious ever.

—HAL QUINE IN TORONTO

A Canadian designer triumphs in Paris

By Susan Riley

Until last week few people outside Toronto's architectural community knew the name of Carlos Ott. But who did know him said to be a gifted young designer with impeccable aesthetic and professional qualifications, a man with a promising future. Then, overnight, the 37-year-old Uruguay-born Canadian became an internationally renowned figure. Ott defeated 747 competitors from around the world to win the contract to design Paris' prestigious opera house. His triumph assured him a lasting place in architectural history and a million-dollar future. Described by reporters in Paris, Ott acknowledged "I was staggered when the decision fell. It is a rare honor."

Since August, Ott has worked for Northover, Bowland & Roy, a large Swiss architectural and engineering firm, but he entered the Paris competition as an individual. He began in mid-February, working on the design at home in his spare time. So far, Ott has only been paid 250,000 francs (\$88,125), although he is expected eventually to make more than a million dollars as architect's fees on the \$300-million project, which is scheduled to be completed by 1989. Fellow architects laud the victory as proof that individual vision can survive in a strictly regulated profession. Said Odile Hennart, editor of the Montreal-based architecture magazine *Secteur*: "This proves that one man or woman can do it." While entering international competitions can cost several thousand dollars, the French government funded the



Drawing of the new Paris Opera. Ott: "one of the most prestigious contracts in decades"

the soft-spoken Ott was staggered when the decision fell. It is a rare honor."

For Ott, whose colleagues describe as a "very intense, very emotional and persevering" man, the challenge was finding a design that would not violate the historic Paris precept of the Place de la Bastille—a task that one Parisian critic described as "fitting an elephant into tiny bathtub." According to Parisian commentators, Ott's minimalist design is simple, functional and restrained. French President François Mitterrand eventually chose it from three finalists partly because it was keeping with his political style known as de Gaulle's "grand-savoir" (determined strength).

Ott was also careful to respect the sensibilities of most Parisians. According to Hennart,

1988 Peter Lippman/Bureau

number of documents required, making its competition less expensive and more accessible. Bidders came from 1,650 candidates in 59 countries. Ott, for most architects it is costly, if compelling, to believe. Said Hennart: "You give your heart to it totally. It is work that makes you suffer."

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other competitors erred seriously by proposing elevated skywalks to link different elements of the opera project. By contrast, Ott proposed underground tunnels, including a rehearsal hall at subway level, to celebrate the role of the underground in Parisian life.

The young architect's creativity

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THE GIFT THAT TAKES 52 WEEKS TO UNWRAP



GI Joe and military equipment; HE-MAN (below) warrior toys and a renewed demand for toy guns worry many child specialists

CONSUMERISM

War and a little peace for Christmas

By Patricia Hickey

On a busy Saturday in a downtown England, a group of young girls flooded a shop "Cabbage Patch dolls," the lavishly sensual GI Joe toys that come complete with adoption papers. Across the aisle a crowd of noisy boys waged war with an equally popular but more sensible doll, GI Joe. This Christmas the gulf between boys' and girls' tastes seems to be widening as toy makers take a new militaristic look at the \$800-million-a-year Canadian toy industry. In the front lines is Hasbro's GI Joe, which re-entered the toy market last year after its manufacturer withdrew it in the mid-1970s because of low sales. In 1983, which is expected to be a bumper year for toy sales, GI Joe and the fanciful Masters of the Universe series from Mattel—which includes the brawny space-age barbarian He-Man—are making strides under the Christmas tree. These warlike toys, coupled with videogrammes carrying violent overtones and a renewed demand for toy guns, trouble many child specialists. Said Wilfred Jansen, dean of the faculty of education at Ontario's University of Windsor and an expert on toys: "I think that they can encourage aggressive and violent behavior and

lead to the glamorization of hostility."

It was not always that way. Children's toys were subject to pacific influences during and after the Vietnam War. Indeed, by the late 1970s most of the toys in toyland seemed to have sprouted, using Star Wars dolls or video games. Some retailers were hesitant about bringing war back to Earth when



GI Joe, who first appeared as an 11-inch doll in 1964 and cost \$5 (U.S.), appeared again last year as a \$4.34-inch compact complete with military hardware. Many buyers were convinced that re-introduction in the toy industry would not spread north from the United States. Said Kenneth Harper, national toy buyer in Toronto for the T. Eaton Co. Ltd.: "We just did not think Canadians would respond to the military thing. But obviously we were wrong."

The new military toys have instant phenomenal success for GI Joe as well as for the Masters of the Universe. Harper said that He-Man and Ram Man are the top sellers for boys at Eaton's. Other stores across the country say that they are also enjoying overwhelming sales for fighting dolls. Said George Haywood, toy merchandise manager in Vancouver for the 25-store Wood's chain: "The market is pretty well saturated right now." George Schwager, national sales and marketing manager in Montreal for Hasbro (Canada) Ltd., added that Canadian sales of GI Joe during the first half of 1983 exceeded the 1982 total. Schwager would not give any actual dollar figures, but Anthony Parkinson, a toy consultant in New York City, predicted that North Americans sales this year will exceed \$80 mil-

lion, compared to last year's \$45 million.

At the same time, GI Joe is the star of a Marvel comic book as well as a five-part animated TV mini-series being aired throughout Canada this fall. To saturate the market further, Hasbro franchised the GI Joe name to manufacturers of everything from underwear to sheets. Sandra Hatch, president of Sandra Hatch and Associates, Inc., has licensed everything from T-shirts to children's books, computer software and trademarks, and said the GI Joe cause is unquestionably the most high-profile license she has ever handled.

The renewed popularity of toy guns is another development in the military toy resurgence. Harper said that Eaton's has noticed a definite increase in demand. And Peter Gaughan, national sales manager for Kids' Recreation Products in Cambridge, Ont., said that his company began losing distribution rights to M-16 rifles and Uzi submachine guns, largely because "military has been very popular." But so far the toy gun revival in Canada has been nothing like that occurring in the United States. According to the 335-member Toy Manufacturers of America, retail sales of toy guns almost doubled between 1978 and 1982, shooting to \$12 million from \$6.5 million.

But manufacturers and retailers are reluctant to call GI Joe or Masters of the Universe fighting or military toys. They prefer to keep them into the category of "boys' action" or "fantasy" items. But, in the case of GI Joe, there is no question that war and destruction are central to the factory. The line includes realistic-looking, miniature twin-barrel guns, a \$20 combat jet carrying missiles, a rocky-climbing boulder and three tank-like ones of them, motorized, sells for \$15. The GI Joe figures include a "Mobile Force" or "rapid deployment team," and many of the figures have their own weapons. There is even a female named Sarge carrying a crimson, beret-like helmet, carrying a crimson, beret-like helmet, but Schwager said that she is selling poorly because the toys have little or no appeal for girls. Each figure comes with a file card that describes the character. A minority figure named Major Bladit is described as "a one-time poet who passed the blues." When you're feeling low and weary/Stop a fresh zip in your eye/Ugh/Awome the paper flying sideways/And make the seagulls jump and

sing and of themselves do not a war make."

Despite the arms race in toyland, there are less aggressive trends. Retailers have already sold most of the 200,000 Cabbage Patch dolls shipped out in mid-November. Another top seller is the "Care Bears" series, a cuddly collection of \$15 to \$20 toys with such names as "Tender Heart," "Clean" and "Friend." Their manufacturer, Kenner Products Canada, expects to sell at least 100,000 by Christmas. Julie Creighton, spokeswoman for the Toy Testing Council of Canada, believes that such toys as the bears and Cabbage Patch dolls "allow children to express their feelings and reflect their own activity. Certainly, it seems that the doses of peace and benevolence this Christmas have not totally surrendered." □



Cabbage Patch and Care Bear: the gulf between boys' and girls' tastes is widening

Canadian Army Cadets, for one, sold that he collects GI Joe figures because they are "realistic." He says he found uses for them in battles in which the enemy in the Soviet Union and "everyone else."

Indeed, many child specialists are concerned about the appealing realism of GI Joe. Said Susan Penfield, acting director of psychology at the British Columbia Children's Hospital in Vancouver: "I think that to a certain extent they do provide kids for aggressive behavior and military aggression." Penfield added: "You can see they are preparing kids to be war machine soldiers for the next war." Jennifer Hardwick, associate coordinator of early childhood education at the University of Toronto's Institute of Child Study, said that GI Joe seems prone to have encouraged more playful

and of themselves do not a war make."

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Thinking the unthinkable

By Susan Riley

It was the show to end all shows about the war to end all wars. Early this week millions of North Americans turned to ABC's television doomsday. *The Day After*, a terrifying vision of a typical Middle America town the day after a nuclear explosion. Apart from the ranking fear, anger or despair that *The Day After* engendered in individual viewers, it left broader social aftershocks. In the week before the screening, discussions of the possible effects of a nuclear war filled North American newspapers and television. Media figures from Ann Landers to My Rogers, of the popular U.S. Public Broadcasting System show for preschoolers, dealt with signals war. At the same time, current films, such as *Terminal*, which describes a California家庭 trying to cope with an atomic holocaust, were

more than mere acts of terror. Similar seminars took place across the continent.

Currently, television networks are assessing ratings. In Canada, Ontario's regional network, Global, was the only Canadian TV network to telecast the show. The network faced formidable competition from ABC, which carried the Kennedy saga, and CBC with King Lear. Roger Hoss, vice-president and general manager of Global said that his network purposely avoided the "radio effect" surrounding the film and conceded that some viewers would not watch the two-hour-and-fifteen-minute spectacular to its bitter end. And ABC's Hoss denied that the controversial film made any political statement. Declared Hoss: "We do not approach this as having any politics. It is a what-if movie, and there have been a lot of other what-if movies." There will be more. Hollywood producers are currently planning a remake of the 1959 after-the-bomb classic *On the Beach* and a new nuclear war survival film called *War Day*.

James Stark, head of Ottawa-based anti-nuclear weapons group Operation Dismantle, agreed with Global's Hoss



Social workers and psychologists screening *The Day After*, scene from the film numbing fear, anger and despair

and, the continuing nuclear arms竞赛, have sparked more fears unequalled since the 1950s. Both psychologists and peace activists are trying to gauge the effects of the reawakening.

The chief concern is the effect of the increasingly realistic nuclear graphics and doomsday children. According to Toronto research psychologist Susan Goldberg, parents must walk a fine line between frightening their children too much and sweeping nuclear questions under the rug. When a child asks if there is going to be a nuclear war, said Goldberg, parents should confess that constructive alternatives to the present

to-US schools, libraries and community and church groups.

Psychologists also worry about the effect of *The Day After* on adults, specifically the "apocalyptic numbness" that leads to personal helplessness. Said Goldberg, a member of Canadian Psychologists for Social Responsibility: "There is a danger that people will be totally overwhelmed if they watch the program alone." To counteract this, her group helped organize a "Day Before" public seminar in Toronto last week to discuss the film and to come up with constructive alternatives to the present

conflict. *The Day After* avoided partisan politics and did not name names either by East or West. Seal Stark: "The left is delighted, and the right is furious, but this is not a left-right issue." But he contends that the television show was political in the largest sense because it pitted ordinary people against a military-political majority. One scene in *The Day After* that Stark did not like showed survivors merely being up for food from soldiers. Seal Stark: "Is a real nuclear war anyone in a uniform would be torn limb from limb—they are the people who did it." □

Piano styles of the 1980s



Gould leaning wrists apart to force the listener to concentrate on every note

It was once possible to measure the mood of an age by its classical pianists. This era's amalgam of piano styles, as represented in six new recordings, eludes any definition, but the accent is steadily on severity and reason over decadence or fancydancy. By that definition Glenn Gould was a child of modern times. Before his death in 1982, Gould had completed a wealth of recordings which CBS Masterworks plans to issue over the next five years. The release of each provocative recording helps contribute to the magnification illusion that the man is not in fact dead but is instead actually antenarrating one last long scene in a sealed recording studio outside time.

In his latest CBS Masterworks recording Gould addresses two problematic Beethoven sonatas, Nos. 12 and 13. He leaves the works apart, forcing the listener to concentrate on every note and displaying a lyre freedom. The strength of Gould's performance is surprising because it comes from a pianist who once called Beethoven "one composer whose reputation is based entirely on gossip." Then the wiz-artist of the recording, the extremes and inappropriate staccato, which characterize so much of Gould's Beethoven playing, has an almost tangoing logic because of his left-field view of Beethoven. The result is pure Gould.

As far as Beethoven playing—generous, impassioned, totally at the

service of the composer, stern but also lit through with flashes of poetry and fantasy—it would be hard to improve on the account of Beethoven Nos. 12 and 13 [DG/PolyGram] by emigre Ukrainian pianist Evgeni Kissin. His celebrated teacher, Heinrich Neuhaus, once wrote of Gould, "I would find it hard to name another pianist whose tone is so rich in noble 'metal,' 25-carat gold, that metal that we find in the voices of the greatest singers." Three is an arringtonian latte and subtlety to Kissin's account that is immensely satisfying. The night will be kept in his abundant vocabulary by a near-perfect marriage of gamut and the earliest generate extrarhythmic electricity.



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The finesse and spirituality that German Jockeys has in his new recording are the hallmarks of 36-year-old U.S. pianist Murray Perahia, an artist who seems completely at home with himself and shows wisdom well beyond his years. His record of Schubert's revealing Impromptus Op. 99 and 102 is six elegant pieces in poise, grandioso playing, his approach as businesslike and brazenly where necessary but more often delicate and suffused with tenderness. Benjamin Britten once said that of all composers Schubert had the most gifts from God. Perahia pays fitting homage as he allows pure song to unfold in hushed, velvet tones. His relaxed playing is so out of tune with the dissident ones that the listener almost envies a certain restraint, some proof that Perahia belongs in this refined century.

One Canadian who can swear than hold his own in such exalted company is André Laplante, the 34-year-old pianist from Rimouski, Que., who rose to international prominence when he won the silver medal at the 1978 Tchaikovsky Piano Competition in Moscow. His explosive amount of Grieg's piano concerto with the Vancouver Symphony Orchestra on the CBC's \$85,000 series surpasses readings of the same piece by Claudio Arrau and the prodigiously gifted Kyril Krasnoff. It is a muscular and unashamedly performative, full of vigor, with moments of thunderous power. But Laplante also knows exactly when to yield, like Yann Tiersen in *Saint-Exupéry*, Horszeg, who "spoke very slowly, to give her whereabouts scope." He shows a decisiveness throughout that commands instant respect. The 160 players support Laplante admirably in the Grieg concerto, though they let themselves down with a sluggish and ungrateful version of Sibelius' *Kalevala Suite*.

Finally, another new album is a reminder of the superbness aspects of some of the piano repertoire. This week for *The Piano Virtuoso* (Turnabout/Music Masters), transcriptions by Leontine Reichenberg, Leopold Godowsky and Abram Chasen, hark back to a world of unusual interest and evocative wealth of dally keyboard effects and grotesqueries from U.S. pianist Artur Schnabel. The two central works, Leontine's almost impossible *Don Juan Fantasy* in imitation of mistakes from Liszt's *Don Giovanni* and Godowsky's witty, droll and irreverent *Die Phantasmagoria* (an acknowledgeable *Clowns* from Johann Strauss) are technically difficult, but the passages seem to be written more for a virtuoso pianist than a peasant. But Schnabel polishes off these and other death-defying pieces with ease and wit. It is a deliciously record, like forbidden fruit after the egrets of Bush and of Beethoven.

—John Frazer

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LABOR

New roles for secretaries

In the past, when a secretary was not typewriting or bartending in her office, she was a dutiful, wide-smiling housewife. Now, a secretary often still types and uses a computer but has, if anything, more. In a small number of cases, he—or no longer willing to be demoted as an insignificant typist—exercises office skills. A growing number of Canada's estimated 400,000 secretaries are clamoring for more prestige and job responsibility. At the same time, computerization is not only clearing away the tedious of paperwork but also elevating the secretarial role.

Said Bonnie Patterson, chairman of secretarial and administrative studies at Toronto's Ryerson Polytechnic Institute: "It means that the secretary can be freed up to do more analytical and administrative work."

For secretaries with some expertise in computers or administration, office advancement can be as enormous boost. Said Margaret Fulton, president of Mount Saint Vincent University in Halifax and former head of a 1983 federal task force that studied the impact of computers and employment: "This is an opportunity for women who are educated to break out of the old idea of the secretary as someone who serves executives." Indeed, many women are already benefiting. Katherine Knecht, a 24-year-old word processing supervisor at a Valentine insurance company, has seen her income almost triple, to more than \$25,000 a year, since she started out as a word processing operator five years ago. She attributes her success to the strong computer component in the eight-month secretarial course she took after high school. But Fulton and others warn that secretaries with limited computer or other skills could end up doing tedious office work or losing their jobs altogether to computers.

Yet secretaries are fighting hard to remove professional limitations. Armed with bachelors degrees, many are determined to parlay their skills into management jobs and top salaries. "The students are thinking about careers now—whatever before it was just a job," said Patricia Dunn, a professor of secretarial and administrative studies at the University of Western Ontario in London, a course which offers bachelors degrees for secretaries. Added Patterson: "Secretaries are getting into middle-management roles more frequently."

Still, many secretaries say that they are having difficulty making ends meet, aware of their growing professionalism, a position they blame as negative stereotypes. "On TV and in the movies we see the dumb, blonde secretary sitting there, filing her nails and chewing gum," complained Sandra Brown, an administrative assistant in Hamilton, Ont., and a director of the 2,000-member Professional Secretaries International in Canada. The negative stereotype also affects the small number of men holding secretarial jobs. Said Bradford Kentel, 25, a secretary for 14 years, currently working for a Toronto film company: "I hate being called a secretary."

In an attempt to improve the secretarial image, Brown's organization administers a certified professional secretary (CPS) designation, awarded to a secretary passes a battery of tests that usually require several night-school classes. According to Margene Sutton, president of the Metropolitan Toronto Legal Secretaries Association, there are also parallel developments in specialized areas such as legal work, in which many legal secretaries are performing the work of paralegals. CPS experts hope that the new designation, which requires that all workers have the same, basic computer skills, will break down office barriers. Said a hopeful Diana Ray, director of Labour Canada's Women's Bureau: "I do believe it will cause a blurring of the sexes."

PATRICIA HUCHET IN TORONTO

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Stoenai trying to offer a religious point of view within the school system

RELIGION

A return to secularism

Calgary public school trustee Sandra Anderson intended that her brief dramatic performance symbolize the injury that children would suffer because the school based closed religious schools. But when she pulled out a knife during a board meeting early this month, the gesture also served as an apt symbol for the anger and bitterness that has surrounded a three-year debate on the merits of allowing religious schools to become part of the Calgary public school system. Said Anderson: "I have no desire to expand the Christian program by two Jewish schools." With your vote you stick the knife into thousands of children. Be careful as you shear the fins of these schools that you don't also kill the mother - public education.

Until that vote, Calgary was the only city in Canada that allowed religious schools to function within its public school system as alternative education programs. By last summer it was evident that the schools, particularly the Legion Christian School, had provoked a strong backlash among voters who feared that expansion of the religious schools would fragment the system. Those fears grew when groups representing Islamic and German minorities applied for inclusion in the alternative educational programs. The fear existing religious schools, estimated to only one per cent of the 44,000 children in the public school system, but they became the main issue during October school board elections. With a determination that school protagonists on both sides of the debate, voters elected seven opponents of the religious schools to the nine-member board.

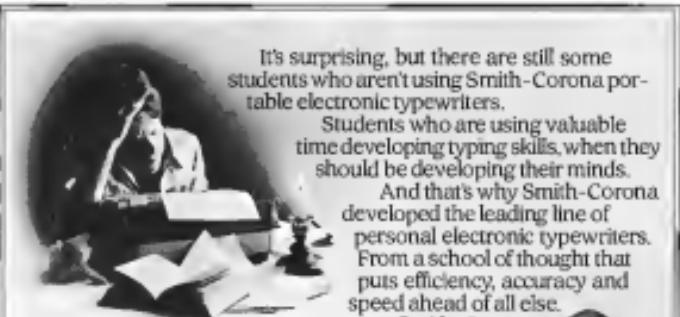
GILLIAN STEWART in Calgary

Their religious views differ, but the Jewish and Christian groups agree that because they are public school taxpayers, they should be able to take advantage of the existing school system as well as educate their children in the manner that they do. Dr. Stuart Ross, president of the Calgary Hebrew Society, which operates two schools where 450 students from Grades 1 to 12 study Hebrew and Jewish history and culture as well as the standard Alberta school curriculum, said it is naive to think that Alberta's public school system has no religious affiliation. "It is basically a Christian school system," he said. "You might argue that painting Easter eggs and singing Christmas carols are moral activities, but I think I could just as easily argue that they are religious." But for the Christians, the public school system is not quite Protestant enough. Said Warren Russell, president of the Legion Education Society: "We are seeking the right to include a Christian point of view in the curriculum because there is no religion in the public system."

The four religious schools will function as part of the public system until the end of the school year. At the same time, both groups have threatened legal action based on the Charter of Rights to counter the board decision. And the Jewish Education Society is also considering petitioning the provincial government to incorporate a Jewish school board, a move that could set another trend in motion, said the Hebrew Society's Ross. "Needless to say, if we succeed, the door will have been opened for all sorts of minorities to do the same thing."

—

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Why Johnny can read

In 1990 the University of Toronto instituted a mandatory English proficiency exam for its freshmen arts and sciences class. The results of the test sent shock waves through Canada's academic community because almost one in five of the university's 6,000 first-year students failed the exam. Now,

English departments across the country report substantial improvements in average writing skills, and the U of T fail rate has dropped to 8.6 per cent from 19 per cent. According to Prof. Lee Whitehead, chairman of the University of British Columbia's (UBC) first-year English program, the 1970s "new-style"

area who lacked grammar skills and the ability to organize ideas. Now, there is a general increase in the literacy of the students and an encouraging change of attitude towards writing.

Explanations of the change range from improved high school programs which stress English grammar and writing to increased competition among students for scarce university spaces. Other education credit proficiency exams and staff now administer entrance requirements. The changes are in sharp contrast to high school and university processes in the late 1960s and 1970s, when experimental language classes allowed students to avoid formal grammar and to indulge, instead, in written self-expression. But the new exam forced universities to cut programs drastically, and student concern turned to jobs. Said Whitehead: "Students are more aware that jobs are related to writing skills and they take school more seriously now."

Allen Hunter, UBC's admissions information officer, said that new students are better prepared when they arrive at university because of the heightened entrance requirements introduced between 1979 and 1982. Students planning to enter UBC now must have Grade 11 credits in English, mathematics, science and social science as well as a C+ average and evidence of a second language. In the past, entry into UBC was based on a student's overall high school record.

At the University of Alberta students regularly failed the university's English proficiency entrance exam without suffering any penalty. But starting next September, students with university credits entering the University of Alberta will have 12 months to pass the test or leave the university. Students with no previous university credits will have 36 months to pass the test. The results are evident. Said Loren McCallum, chairman of the president's committee on testing and remediation: "In previous years our failure rate was 50 per cent. This year the pass rate jumped to 88.1 per cent."

Student leaders credit increased student competition for success just as a major factor in improved literacy. Declared Glen Jones, the student representative on the University of Manitoba board of governors: "Here, all faculties have specific literacies as an entitlement, and so the competition among students to get in—is particularly if such faculties as law or engineering—is very stiff. English, reading and writing increase the chances of acceptance, and to only the very top people get in." As a result, it appears that education has become the strongest ally of the battered English language.

—MARGARET CANNON in Toronto

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THEATRE

Mountains as metaphors

K2

By Patrick Maynes
Directed by Maurice Podbrey

The tragic equivalent of a Neil Simon comedy, K2 presents a pair of engaging characters who weave subtle social comment through 90 uninterrupted minutes of suspenseful melodrama. In the simple context that New York playwright Patrick Maynes has devised, two strangers—Harold (Robert Hickey), a physicist, and Taylor (Stephen Marleau), an associate district attorney—are trapped on a ledge after conquering Pakistan's K2, the world's second-highest mountain. Faced with imminent death, the men predictably grow larger than life. As Harold says, "Mountains are metaphors—the higher you go, the deeper you get." But in the excellent production at Montreal's Centaur Theatre (Vancouver audiences will be able to see the play in January), magnificent acting by Hickey and Marleau transforms competent entertainment into an electrifying dramatic experience.

As soon as the play begins, tensions build from the moment of contact between Marcel Desgagnés' lyrical set-builders of white Plasticine columns glowing pink as the dry passes—and the detailed specificity of the climbers' predicament. The stark abstraction of the set adds a timeless dimension to the action but at the same time focuses attention on their frenzied anxiety over missing oxygen, the dwindling supply of beef jerky and their thin chance of survival. Harold has broken his leg, and first Taylor's carelessness and then an avalanche deprive their gear. It becomes obvious that Harold cannot continue, and Taylor must decide whether to stay with him or to save only himself.

The clash of the two personalities fuels the drama. Harold is a portly dreamer who believes in his physical marriage and never's ability to explain the universe. Taylor is a volatile smart-alec

of Italian origin who claims, "My veins are full of animal blood, not blood." He is also a pragmatic pessimist whose constant involvement with the dispossessed has convinced him that "love costs too much." Both are scathingly cynical about the future of humanity, yet the less they reveal of man for man, Taylor is wanting to stay on the ledge, Harold in ordering him back to base camp—partly modest that

Taylor splashes big ideas onto a small



Manda (left) and Hickey: magnificent, a bit crying, acting

camera, but director Maurice Podbrey is a skilled minimalist. His precise images efficiently stir up rich associations while the protagonist Harold ponders about nuclear physics. Taylor scrambles back up the mountain and falls, only to dangle in black space at the end of a red rope like a puppet; as a string or a fetus clinging to Harold. But the performances that Podbrey has elicited from the cast are his real triumphs perched high above the stage like statues in a Gothic cathedral. Hickey and Manda's breathless passion turns the playwright's sense of modern life. Their interests and enduring relationship endure in the mind long after the actors have left the stage. —MARK CHAMBERS

Animal welfare critics such as Kline charge that the societies have become too concerned with public relations and too lax in the protection of animals. Bill Klein: "They have become the

JUSTICE

Humane society woes

Two months ago, in a controversial move, Toronto Mayor Arthur Eggleton agreed to appoint a one-year interim management committee to run the strife-torn Toronto Humane Society. His decision capped a history of divisions that threatened to tear apart the 95-year-old organization. Five of the 16 volunteer directors had asked the city to step in and take over the society's affairs. Those directors accused the nonprofit organization of gross mismanagement of funds and staff and changing the focus of the society from animal welfare to animal advocacy. The crusades of the Toronto agency are not unique. In fact, the incident reflects the growing turmoil and division within the Canadian humane society movement. Esther Kline, an animal rights activist with the 2,000-member Animal Defense League of Canada, accuses the movement of losing its original cause. "The genuine concern can no longer be sheltered animals," she said, "but over time there has been a progressive hardening of the extremes."

Indeed, self-styled know-it-all societies are not doing the job they were set up to do: protect animals from abuse and neglect. The incidence of animal abuse remains high; societies across the country investigate some 20,000 complaints a year. As well, animal rights activists charge that the societies are not doing enough to curb trapping and the use of animals in medical experiments. Far from their part, spokespeople for the 125 humane societies in Canada argue that they cannot perform their tasks because of an extreme shortage of funds, with budgets ranging from a few thousand dollars in small towns to \$1 million in large urban centres. Most societies operate on money generated from clinical services and grants from municipalities for animal control. But those financial assets are often not enough, and many societies turn to fund-raising events in order to stay in business. As a result, with conflicting notions of what the societies should do and the chronic fund shortage, the movement which started in Britain 136 years ago has become mired in infighting and politicking.

Animal welfare critics such as Kline charge that the societies have become too concerned with public relations and too lax in the protection of animals. Bill Klein: "They have become the

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handmaidens of those they are trying to control." To outline the names of their concerns, media point to the Halifax humane society, where a dog breeder accused three years ago of profiting from the sale of animals for scientific experiments in Halifax. University Nova Scotia legislation requires that animals be kept for 12 hours before the society can claim ownership and sell them to a university or other institution. He alleged that the local agency was selling animals before the expiration of the required waiting period and accepting dual fees, one for money kiffing from pet owners and a second for research from Dalhousie. The charges were never proved.

Donald Hogewirth, former chief spokesman of the powerful Ontario Humane Society (OHS), blamed the problems of the societies on the financial

misery, with no branches. For its part, Manitoba has offices only in Winnipeg and Brandon. Even in the larger human societies, whereas understaffing undermines good intentions and efforts. According to Hogewirth, there are just five OHS inspectors in Ontario, with the provincial government supplying only \$80,000 of the \$3-million budget.

While the humane society movement wavers about whether it will have enough money to continue daily operations, more radical groups such as Action Volunteers for Animals, Animal Liberation Front and Farm Animal Reform Movement, have come into existence to fill the gap. Most believe that the humane society movement should concentrate on preventing animal abuse and get out of the business of catching stray animals. They also charge that because of the widespread disagreements



Kennels at Toronto's Humane Society: a movement linked to fighting

structure of the movement, said Hogewirth. "A lot of humane societies self-destruct because they all run under the grass and face of the public. A lot of their energy goes toward generating new money, and that should not be necessary." Tom Hughes, who has headed the OHS for 20 years, believes that the shortage of funds also led to staffing problems which further undermined the societies' effectiveness. Said Hughes, "In the 1980s the humane movement has no money of its own and no negotiating power to deal with members of council."

Humane societies have also not been able to provide a standard of animal welfare across the country because legislation and the various organizations themselves differ from province to province. Ontario, Alberta and British Columbia have thriving organizations, but other provinces are severely understaffed. While British Columbia has 21 branches and Ontario 30 branches and 15 affiliates, Saskatchewan has only

over 5000 annual contracts with city councils, incurred deficits and the constant need to issue reprimands, animal rights get little attention. And they claim that cases of inhumanity for trapping, unsterilized rodent and the improper use of animals for food production are on the increase across the country. To draw attention to their cause, the new activists have picketed humane society offices and, for shows, San Klein. "The young groups are trying something new, and the old guard does not like it!" But Hughes dismisses their tactics. "All they do is attract publicity. They do not help animals."

As dimensions in the humane society movement increase, a shakeup seems imminent. Even humane society leaders predict that change will occur within the institution. "The movement needs revamping," said Linda Linnert, former president and board member of the London, Ont., Humane Society. "But we will survive."

—JANE WIEBECKEN in Toronto

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Examining the Tories' dirty linen

CONTENDERS THE TORY QUEST FOR POWER

By Patrick Martin, Allan Gregg and George Perlin
 (Prentice-Hall, \$24.95)

The inside history of the 1988 Progressive Conservative leadership campaign is mostly a story of intrigue and incompetence. None of the major participants emerges from Contenders with his reputation enhanced.

In one typically caustic anecdote, the authors quote a physician who removed John Crosbie's hemorrhoids during the campaign. The doctor said, "This is the closest I'll ever get to the seat of power." Many readers of the excellent, compelling study of the Tory race, by Patrick Martin, Allan Gregg and George Perlin, will feel that they have had a similarly close acquaintance with the Progressive Conservative party.

The troika of a journalist (Martin), a politico (Gregg) and an academic (Perlin) did extensive interviewing and detailed polling both before and after the

convention, and they knew their political science. Contenders combines the pace and detail of journalism with the reflective generalizations of serious scholarship. There has never been a better study of leadership politics in Canada.

Altogether, the authors of Contenders better fit their job than the contenders were at theirs.

Most Conservatives know that supporters of Crosbie and Brian Mulroney were trying to force Joe Clark in on the leadership long before the Winnipeg convention in January. The full story of the early stages of that ugly campaign remains to be told, but Contenders supplies a great deal of fresh information, such as the fascinating news that certain strategists, Finlay MacDonald wrote to Clark in March 1982, advising him to strike first. Clark did not follow the advice. Late, when there was only 66.9-per-cent support for Clark at Winnipeg, MacDonald urged him not to rush into calling a convention. Clark could not be worse off today had he listened to his adviser on either occasion.

At Winnipeg, he seems to have decided on a leadership fight largely because he knew his troops were less loyal to him than either the party or the voters.

The book reveals how all the contenders botched their campaigns. Clark had endured and survived as much as his ordeal as leader that, according to the authors, he had developed a considerable fondness for arrogance. The result was a series of damaging public misjudgments that disrupted his campaign. He alienated potential delegates with the threat "Any way or the doorway," he dismissed Ontario Premier William Davis as a "regional" candidate, and he made no apology for dirty tricks. Mulroney took fewer public mistakes, but the inner organization of his campaign was a shambles. Two of his principal advisers nearly died in a plane crash, and he antagonized the media by attempting to deny easily verifiable facts about his movements and statements. For his part, Crosbie squandered the immense goodwill many non-Quebec Tories had for him with his foolish



The leadership convention in Ottawa: a tale of intrigue and incompetence

insensitivity to the French fact in Canada and the other candidates in Contenders seem pathetic in their misunderstandings of the party and the nation.

The convention itself, the authors argue, hinged on the determination to defeat Clark. They write, "Other candidates, including Clark, were seen as

more likable, more competent, and tougher than Mulroney, and were considered to have a sounder grasp of policy." Mulroney was, according to Contenders, because he seemed more like a winner than any of the others, Clark seemed like a loser both politically and personally. Mulroney had days in life what as many grassroots Tories aspire

to do—he started as a local man on the outside and won his way to the top of the establishment. Like John Crosbie, he made ambitious outsiders feel comfortable in the Conservative party. In real life Clark was as much a self-made man as Mulroney. But Martin, Gregg and Perlin remind readers that perception is everything. At the end of the convention, with all those pesky, septuagenarian Progressive Conservatives on stage supporting him, Clark was the candidate of the old anti-Devechuk era, while the party was perishing.

The Conservatives seemed all these dirty lines in public, chose a leader with no parliamentary experience—and themselves to rise in the polls. The last chapter will come as a sharp rebuke to Liberal and NDP readers who up to that point had found that Contenders reinforced their contempt for the way the Conservative party handles itself. In a sweeping overview of the politics of the past decade, the authors persuasively contend that the Conservatives have become Canada's new majority party. A historic change of power and an unprecedented ascent of Tory rule are probably in the offing. As all the losers cross together, the contender who finished least now stands to win it all.

—MICHAEL BLASS

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A black comedy of outrage

THE ANATOMY LESSON

By Philip Roth

(Collins, 292 pages, \$19.95)

As *The Anatomy Lesson* begins, Nathan Zuckerman, Philip Roth's notorious Jewish-American novelist and hero of his two previous books, is in pain. "Untractable pain of unknown origin," located precisely in his upper torso, has overwhelmed Zuckerman's consciousness

for 18 months. He has become "visceraly obstructed, physically disabled, sexually impotent, intellectually inert, spiritually depressed." Zuckerman's pain throbs like a migraine through Roth's novel; it provides plot, motivation and focuses the fundamental questions about life and art that the tortured writer must try to answer.

Roth's central concern in all three Zuckerman books, intensified especially in *The Anatomy Lesson*, is the art-

ist's conflicting responsibilities: Where must the writer rest his expressive legitimacy in the life he has lived or in the life he has imagined? And what happens if the latter appears (no matter how deceptively) to conform in every particular to the reality? Is *The Great Wall* Roth's next the fledgling Zuckerman in quest of a spiritual father—an amateur writer. The novel was brilliantly evocative of painful tensions between art and family in *Zuckerman Undressed*. But not as well crafted, Roth's protagonist was, in his late 30s, unapologetic in media fame and literary self-doubt during the wild success of his fourth novel, *Cowserovsky*, a saucy, erotic comedy of Jewish family life. With *The Anatomy Lesson*, four years have passed since Zuckerman traded anonymity for stardom and confusion. His parents have died, he has become divorced once again, blocked in his writing and enslaved to pain-killing, vodka and therapeutic fluids.

For Zuckerman the consequences of his apparently self-delusional Cowserovsky have been horrifying: life-threatening people have attacked him as a parasite, an anti-Semite and a sexual master. Even his physical pain cannot obscure the despair of being ununderstood. As a result, Zuckerman decides to get out. "I can't take any more of my inner life," he says. But that, if he is to be a writer, is all he has. "If he wasn't cultivating hyperbole," Zuckerman, he really had no more reason than a fire hydrant to deplete his existence. "Opting for the 'release from art,'" he decides to become a doctor.

Roth delivers *The Anatomy Lesson* in five substantial episodes, each offering some emotional clarity. Zuckerman experiences profound grief over his mother's death, analyzes his connection to the food world in which he depends and works through his bitter grudge against a magnificently cringeable, self-aggrandizing crone who makes the novel a Banquo journey through the middle darkness of self. And, with so many targets for satire, Roth scatters his barbs of vitriolic mimesis. The present novel could be subtitled *Zuckerman Outraged*: paragraphs simply erupt, and the lines of Roth's latrine poems veraciously spill down the page.

The Anatomy Lesson tangles threads of family, culture, career, emotion and sex, unravelling the knot in Zuckerman's chance to redeem his soul and conquer his past. At times, Roth seems to have his comedy materials barely in check, but the book's combustion passion and energy have mastered form. He has turned the writer's crucial predicament into a blackly comic drama with an ironically ambiguous fude-out. The curtain falls, novel and trilogy end; Zuckerman's grand anxiety awaits its future. —DOUGLAS ROST

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A superwoman has farther to fall

THE BIGGEST MODERN
WOMAN OF THE WORLD
By Sister Susie
Lester & Orpen Dennis,
600 pages \$15.00

At first, Susan Swan's novel, *The Biggest Modern Woman*, sounds like a simple exercise in wish fulfillment; if only a woman could have it all, then surely the world could not keep her down. In the childhood chapters of the feminist auto-biography of Anna Swan, a New York-born Victorian girl who, nothing else hung her down—her infant head, broken through the roof of her parents' wooden cabin, shooting for the stars, her parents lost her for her and herself. The break itself is like a magical ending, not a freak; her father continues as a prodigies of growth to spur his vegetable garden to success. With such upbringing, it is no surprise that Anna becomes a fervent believer in the myth of the "strong giant," a champion of one's height, as my colleagues and my relatives, or I believed that if everyone was tall like me, society would feel less angry.

It had been amazing for the two to continue in this way, with an unceasing Anna passing a tapering, slender Anna through the universe. Anna was four feet, two inches high, and slender; only now was she the possessor of power that comes with size, had more on her mind than creation a few years ago, and was growing a few centimeters higher. Her body was Anna from the magic kingdom of childhood, unleashing a tidal wave of sensations in the gladiators. Her new voluptuousness attracts unbroken attention, at first by her childlike playfulness. Hubert Gauvain, the local dwarf? Anna's sun-kissed character, tiny Hubert rituals Anna's virginity under the pretense of massaging her private parts, with the only sign of heat equal to the sun—a great smile. The wounded Anna was gone. "Hubert's smile had not only captured my consciousness, but had pacified my belief in myself as a magician. I was honest and vulnerable—a female who, like many other females, could be penetrated in a way that no man could." The tale of Anna Swan is not about gladiators as experience, but rather about a—larger-than-life-sized person.

In the novel, Susan Swan has convincingly re-created the one of respectable realism, in which P.T. Barnum and other impresarios briefly took glances at women, nudists and rascals was one of the mainstays and into the

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Don Neilson
Manager - Purchasing Gulf Canada Resources Inc.

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vices, delivery and location are some of the other decision-making criteria.



Don Neilson is Manager - Purchasing for Gulf Canada Resources Inc.

He is a native Calgarian whose 25 years of oil service have been spent entirely in the purchasing profession in the Alberta oil patch. Don is interested in community affairs and is active in minor hockey development. He is shown here with son Scott, 17, during a community hockey tournament in Calgary.

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5. Jim Livingstone
Canadian Industrial Development Specialist



4. Volcano Inc.

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5. MacLaren Plastics

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Victorian lecture halls of North America and Europe. The book could be read as a series of short stories and will be vastly entertaining. *Gouverneur Morris*, a rival for madcap Tom Thumb's star status, moonshining up a road in Asia in a P.T. Barnum version of Gulliver's Travels, a cruise rescuing Anna, who is trapped in the second of these sets of scenes in Bernard's American Museum. There is an European tour with her husband, the Kentucky giant, being subjected to titillating inspection by a pedophile Queen Victoria and a disguised Aristotle for a manuscript Price of Truth.

But the movie is saturated with the sadness of a female giantess whose great size affords her no protection from the perils of "normals." Anna's stature and strength do not set her free from a devastating plant-eating husband, a jolting but manipulative manager and the tragedies of stillborn children. It just allows her, for a while, to shoulder a female burden. When she fathers and finally kills, worn out by childbirth just short of her 45th birthday, it has the same effect as when an elephant, so huge that it seems a force of nature, falls in a hunter's bullet. Anna's story, despite its farcistic trapping, is an everywoman's tale. It is her size that makes it never-harmless, shaking the earth as she lifts the ground.

—ANNE COLLINS

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

Fiction

- 1 Poland, Michael D. *Die*
- 2 The Name of the Rose, Eco, Umberto
- 3 The Little Housewife Girl, de Corvini, G.
- 4 Polyester Wives, Collier, G.
- 5 A Time for Jonah, Callaghan, S.
- 6 Changes, Shatz, D.
- 7 Blackbird's Egg, Attwood, D.
- 8 The Walked Way, Stewart, D.
- 9 An Innocent of Milkhouse, Vassaroff, M.
- 10 The Seduction of Peter R., Stauder, H.

Nonfiction

- 1 In Search of Excellence, Peters and Waterman, J.W. *Die*
- 2 On Wings of Eagles, Palmer, T.
- 3 The Best of James Herriot, Herriot, J.
- 4 Megabucks, Siebert, G.J.
- 5 You Can't Fry Me!, Aycock, D.
- 6 Look 100—No Badges, Pickeringham
- 7 The Game, Draper, D.
- 8 Home, Lynn, N.
- 9 Stormy Roads, White, R.
- 10 Motherhood, The Second Oldest Profession, Sonnenblick, D.

17 Positions last week

FILMS

The scholar becomes a gentleman

VENTIL
Directed by Barbra Streisand

Meanwhile, starring as a boy in *Yentl*, Barbra Streisand never quite looks male—nor does she look female. Her androgynous features serve to amplify the sexual confusion in the Isaac Bashevis Singer story of a young woman disguised herself, at the turn of the century, to go to a yeshiva to study the Talmud. Passionately uninterested in marriage, Yentl is an outcast in her Eastern European village; instead, a

tale atmosphere, its emotional tone is as warm as an embrace, and the lighting has a soft, spiritual glow. There is no doubt that Streisand can direct her choices of using the songs as interior monologues gives the movie a lulling rhythm, and the movement of her camera supplies the dance-like quality a musical should have. Michel Legrand's songs all seem cut from the same cloth, and the lyrics by Alan and Marilyn Bergman tread a treacherous fine between cutesy and clever, but they are transcended when Streisand sings. Her

serve rather than participate. With that in mind, Streisand's gestures and mannerisms are modest—almost reverent—and suggest the reverent life of a scholar. At the yeshiva she studies with a handsome scholar named Avigdor (Mandy Patinkin), with whom she falls helplessly in love. When the parents of Hadass (Amy Irving) break her engagement to Avigdor, Yentl proves her devotion by marrying Hadass herself, so that Avigdor can still see his beloved. The result is a rather sanctified yet oddly giddy and poignant comedy of passion, including one of the most adorable wedding nights ever acted out on film.

In *Yentl*, Patinkin becomes something unique in the annals of movies—a Jewish scholar-sex symbol—stepping through the treacherous stages of Streisand's eyes. He seems Yentl's dilemma to a lesser pitch, making her realize that she is living a lie. Throughout her description, Yentl has stayed true to her goal of herself, her spirituality, in order to satisfy her hunger for knowledge. Finally she begins to face up to all of herself. Near the end, when she reveals herself to Avigdor, he asks if being a loving wife would not be enough for her, to which she replies, "I want more." One of the most touching points in *Yentl* is that showing only the best of the two women failing to be alone.

Streisand has made a wonderful and particularly wise movie that enlightens as much as it entertains. *Yentl* is a hymn to a spirit strong to stretch itself as far as it can, and a warning against the temptations of excess and duplicity. In its portrayal of the friendship between Avigdor and Yentl, it says that love sometimes has little to do with gender. Yentl does find fulfillment in friendship, and the finale, aboard a ship bound for the United States, is a natural continuation of the character's desire to learn and grow. Both Streisand and the movie go out in high style.

—LAWRENCE O'TOOLE



Patinkin, Irving and Streisand: a hymn to the human spirit yearning to stretch itself as far as it can

love of learning consumes her. At night she closes the shutters to study the Talmud with her father (Nehemiah Persoff), and her eyes light up with the thrill of the forbidden. When her father dies, she is left alone in the world and she realizes that she can only be herself, trying to prove herself to someone else. Like Woody Allen's *Zelig*, *Yentl* is about the difficulty people have with simply being themselves.

Streisand produced, co-wrote and directed *Yentl* as a fable—with music—to seduce the audience into believing her transformation. The Eastern European settings of her fable enhance the fairy-

tales remain the finely spun cloth of legend it has always been, with the low reggae taking on a smoky, electric quality. Alone in the woods, when she lights a candle and sings to her dead father's spirit, the sheer beauty of tone, decorated by a swirling cassette, has all the magic of all the ministrations. The lighted candle, the stars that now "seem half as bright," Streisand's energetic lies and carefree songs turn what could have been an embarrassment into something magical.

Streisand exercises extraordinary restraint in her even performance. Yentl, for all her chutzpah, is content to ob-

The fears of a superstar

When the teenage Barbra Streisand auditioned for her first Broadway show, *I Can Get It for You Wholesale*, she was bold enough to ask for a chair with curtains. "That way I could always be rolling around the stage," the 45-year-old superstar reflected wistfully. The star, producer, music writer and director of *Yentl* has never been a wallflower, after depicting her Oscar-winning performance in *Funny Girl*, William Wyler was moved to present her with a microscope for scrutinized countenance. But there was another reason Streisand wanted that chair: she was too afraid to stand up. The most powerful women in show business, whose names include *The Devil and the Deep Blue Sea*, *Holly Dolly* and *The Way We Were*, and who remains one of the top-selling recording artists of all time, is terrified of live audiences. "I have this fear that I will forget the words," she explains, "that I won't live up to expectations."

Streisand—by her own admission "just a girl from Brooklyn"—has traversed a distance nobody could have anticipated. From the beginning, she had one undeniable trademark—her voice. With one singing lesson behind her, she followed her Broadway triumph in *Funny Girl* with legendary television performances and concerts in Central Park in the 1960s. But after a string of film successes, the media frequently described her as peaty and megalo maniacal—particularly during the filming of *A Star Is Born* with Kris Kristofferson. While she lived with Jon Peters, a hairdresser who has since become a successful producer (*Murphy's Romance*), critics greeted her in the columns "I need things from time to time," she said, "and I don't know who they are taking about. I am made fun of and lied about."

The most poignant—and dramatic—came occurred last week when syndicated U.S. gossip columnist Marilyn Denis wrote that Streisand had never paid *Yentl*'s original author, Isaac Bashevis Singer, for a film treatment that he had written. Bashevis' publisher, Roger Straus of Farrar, Straus and Giroux, "The report is totally inaccurate. I have been critical of her in the past, and it is true he was not happy about his story being turned into a musical. But now everyone wishes everybody else well."

It took 11 years for *Yentl* to reach the screen. Although Streisand's name on a movie retrospective works less often magic, financing a picture with her as the director was difficult. At the eleventh

hour before the movie's release last week, she was a ball of nerves, pondering the fate of her effort. "I want to get people to like it, I want to be accepted," she said. "I will probably be devastated if *Yentl* is a failure. But my real joy was in making it. My job here is over already." She dedicated the movie to her father, who died when she was 13 months old. "Yentl," she said, "gave me the chance to create the father I never had."

Streisand's adult years have brought her other losses, especially in her private life. She lives in a kind of self-imposed nearretirement. A self-confessed hermit,



Streisand: 'Just a girl from Brooklyn'

she has a tightly cultivated fur of moods. When she does venture out, most recently on the arm of Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, she is instantly recognized. Even with the shot final in Czechoslovakia, autograph hounds mobbed Streisand with requests to scribble "Barbra Streisand" on album covers. "It's like these songs I have, quite literally, in my heart," she said. "I long to have silence. But this is something I will never have." For Barbara Streisand, "this is all" does not necessarily mean having everything.

—LAWRENCE O'TOOLE

When being alive is unnatural

STREISAND
Directed by Robert Altman

Director Robert Altman has done everything in his power to bring Streisand in on the serious, but the polemical nature of David Hare's play deflates her. Hare confuses the actors in an army barracks and he focuses, with intense intensity, on several young men nervously awaiting the journey to Vietnam. War breeds sickness and inhumanity, says Rabe. But those same qualities, he argues, shoulder and erupt at home without benefit of battlefield. Rabe's view of life is certainly a grim one, and not entirely convincing up the way he has chosen to portray it. That is particularly true of the benevolent tendencies he creates—or rather trumpets up—in the relationship between Richie (Michael Richards) and Billy (Matthew Modine). Rabe's constant tempting and taunting of Billy seems an excuse for biatematic dramedy and it deflects attention from the more serious, basic ideas that Rabe is trying so hard to sell.

Transferred to film, Streisand becomes even more needlessly aggressive than it was on the stage. Altman has elected not to open up the action; the cameras move around the barracks as much as possible but inevitably return to the close-up. The AWOL black soldier Roger (David Alan Grier), responsible for the final climactic act of violence, is so close to the viewer that he turns into a caricature of an angry black man. Unlike the other black in the barracks, Carlisle (Mark Wahlberg) who "keeps his place," Roger stalks back at the world but his rage is not so much at being black as it is at being alive, and the same can be said for all the other characters. Rabe's fondness for sympathetic-looking countenance reaches its lowest point in the character of a weathered veteran sergeant (George Dzundza) who is dying of leukemia. The angriest and ill-tempered, who seem to be perpetually drunk, remember about the good times for them, it reminds the commanders and danger of war, not being out of the action and raped in the barracks. In Streisand being alive seems an unnatural act.

Rabe's dialogue is heavy with partant and snappy banter in a double entendre way—but the product of the pen that the smooth Altman choreographs, the softish pronouns as best he can, and he shifts flavor and commitment from the relatively unknown cast. Still, it all looks like hard work. Art should never seem so serious.

—L. O'TOOLE

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BEEFEATER: Spirit of England

The rustling in the curtains

By Allan Fotheringham

There is a rustling behind the curtains in Ottawa, a discernible shuffling of feet backstage. There are hush-hushes and snugs and noisy clearing of the throat, twitches and anxiety. Anyone wondering if Pierre Trudeau is going to go free will only watch the movements and actions of his loyal underlings, all of whom share his job. The members of Liberal cabinet ministers who see themselves as leadership material—producing the substantive elements of their achievements—now understand. No more ballyhooing. There is no accounting for human vanity and people who have businesses, diverses, sides and enormous japes tend to come to the conclusion, wrong though it may be, that their talents are as high as their trappings are numerous. Intellectual pretences see themselves as guests over the master in his last lair.

Why would, for example, Justice Minister Mark MacGuigan be using enthusiastic invitations to invite people to a cocktail party not his own? Why would the good minister be using the publicly owned space of the Railway Committee Room in the Centre Block on Parliament Hill to pour gins to celebrate the launch of the first volume of Paul Martin's biography, *A Very Public Life*? Because the hon. Mark MacGuigan is running for the leadership and is seeking Paul Martin's support in the Windsor area, where the latter was king for 38 years and where MacGuigan now has his base, such as it is. Why in Jean Chretien wandering about the cocktail party, causing the room to exude perfume? Even though there is a cabinet meeting going on and he had to stand away for a few minutes? Because he wants to check out how well MacGuigan is doing in attractive wifes and senators and other supports who might only behind him when himself is gone.

And who is that tall, well-dressed male with the bright-featured face standing at the back of the room? Why, none other than Paul Martin Jr., a big Alan Fotheringham is a columnist for Southern Natives.

man in transportation who is down from Montreal for the party—out of family loyalty, of course, but also to get his face about because Paul Martin Jr. is also interested in the leadership if a spontaneous draft starts sweeping his way and he, his brother Minister who had to wait, one Martin Brian Mulroney, would be a new name and new image to get before an electorate grown tired of the stale front-bench option. And why was Martin Jr. at the recent convention of the Saskatchewan Liberal party? Just chattering, no gesture, no doubt.



The panel contestants. Why are Herb Gray and Eugene Whelan, Windsor's two other cabinet ministers, not present to help along this shiny occasion for the veteran politicians who is almost as old as this century? Because both of them are eyeing the leadership also, and there is nothing they are going to do to aid and abet the hon. MacGuigan's deligitimizing play, which is cleverly disguised as a book launch party. And why is Senator Keith Davey marching about, in his corduroy suit, casting his sauntered eyes about the big room that is filled with white wine and gossip? Because he wants to check out how well MacGuigan is doing in attractive wifes and senators and other supports who might only behind him when himself is gone.

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to eruct in this century marks and not the usual bulletproof prestiges which denote his vast influence. Moving right along, why did Employment and Immigration Minister John Robert McSweeney Perry do his stuff? Because the beauxtous Mr. Perry was at one time a press aide for the Prime Minister and knows all the participants in town and knows what is apt to be noisy and what is apt to be quiet. And who decides who does what, and all such info is most valuable, very impertinent, when the day comes that a minister with a notorious past is involved in a leadership campaign. Why is Transport Minister Lloyd Axworthy hoping seriously that his divorce will come through? So he can marry the lady he loves, because it is most useful, in the wonderful modern telepathic politics, to have a good-looking and legal wife on one's arm when one storms about the country in church basements and school gyms meeting the middle class and attempting to persuade them to buy some airline tickets for an Ottawa convention and vote for a future prime minister.

Why did Economic Development, Science and Minister Don Johnston bring Canada Tomorrow Conference, featuring international experts and Senator Ed Larson's stag party joke? And, finally, on a week when the Canadians was in recess as the TV cameras could never cover the conference instead? Heaven knows. And why would Indian Affairs Minister John Martin, who usually looks a half hour sleepless, be radically musing about the country making fiery speeches about the future of the party, the universe and himself? Beats me. Why would International Trade Minister Gerry Ragan, in the absence of External Affairs Minister Allan MacEachen, come out swanning to touch and smile on the Americans over the Grenada caper, leaving MacEachen some embarrassing ground to cover on his return? Why has Consumer Affairs Minister Judy Evans got that arresting new pink hairstyle? Why is MacEachen, himself spending so much more care on his wife and his coffee these days? You should ask

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